No. 1465.—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

June 29, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: SMART SIEGE OF THE CASTLE.

The wonderfully attractive Royal Military Tournament has proved far and away the most alluring show of the week in London. This inspiriting and pulse-stirring spectacle has drawn tens of thousands of sightseers of every class to the Agricultural Hall, at Islington; and the exciting assaults-at-arms, animated Musical Ride of the 2nd Life Guards, skilfully performed drill of the 12th Lancers, gymnastic agility of Tommy Atkins, and crowning Siege of the Castle are bound to win the admiration of the public to the closing night of the Tournament on the present Saturday. We cordially congratulate the active Committee — notably, Major-General Philip Smith, C.B., Commanding the Home District; Colonel G. M. Onslow, the zealous Inspector of Military Gymnasia; and indefatigable Lieut.-Col. T. Tully, the devoted secretary—on the richly deserved success of this year's Tournament, the receipts at which will be as certain to greatly benefit the Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers as the contests will foster alertness and adroitness on the part of the Army, of which every Briton may well feel proud when he witnesses the splendid dash and "go" of our gallant fighting men at Aldershot Camp or within the Agricultural Hall.

The magnificent *élan* of every branch of the Service is superbly exemplified in the vivid Siege scene pictured by our Artist. To the tune of stimulating military music, in an almost incredibly short space of time a canvas river is flung across the arena, a plank bridge is built, and camp formed, including ambulance and specimens of our Camel Corps from Egypt. It is as though an unrivalled military drama were being enacted. In the siege and defence of the castle, machine guns, Maxims and Gatlings, are fired with imaginary destructive force; rifles are discharged; and, the defence beaten back, artillery speed over the bridge, and the stronghold is taken. Well done, all! Could the Tournament be prolonged another week, the Shah would not fail to be delighted with this splendid demonstration of the pluck and skill of the British Army.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will relieve in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organ in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees for the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled; they are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

The "Bold Matineer" tells us Miss Emery acted exceedingly well in Mr. Robert Buchanan's new play, "The Old Home"; but adds that the piece was unworthy of taking its place in the evening bill at the Vaudeville, it being one of the most conventional and tamest productions of modern times. A revival of "Sophia" or of "Joseph's Sweetheart" would be preferable to "The Old Home," he suggests. Having laughed at little E. M. Robson making love to tallish Cissy Grahame in Mr. Fred. Horner's diverting farcical comedy of "The Two Johnnies," the "Bold Matinéer" found the edge taken off his appetite when he was bidden to laugh at a similar proceeding on the part of Penley and majestic Alma Stanley in Mr. J. P. Hurst's "Æsop's Fables." The many admirers of Mr. W. S. Penley will be sure to troop to the Strand to see and laugh at him as Horace Rudderkin.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

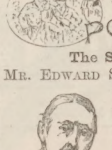
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

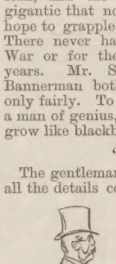
The Secretary for War.



MR. EDWARD STANHOPE is the Minister of whom we are hearing the most, now that the House has got into the money-spending stages of the session known as "Supply." Mr. Stanhope is a complete ideal of the young old man. As a matter of fact he is just fifty years old, but judging from his appearance he might be anything between thirty-five and fifty-five. Moreover, he is a man of whom the old epigram is true, with a certain qualification—namely, that when he was twenty-five, people said he was going to do great things; that at thirty-five, they said, he would do great things if he chose to do them; and at fifty-five, that he could have done great things if he had chosen to do them. Mr. Stanhope stands somewhere between the second and the third stages. He has done something, but it has not been quite what his friends expected of him. In the latter years of the 1874 Parliament he was bracketed with Lord George Hamilton as the two promising leaders of the Conservative party. Lord Randolph Churchill's star had not then risen, and Mr. Stanhope seemed to have everything in his favour—good birth, great connections, money, and progressive ideas. As a member of the Agricultural Commission, he made a most searching and candid report on the condition of the agricultural labourers. He is painstaking and industrious, and a clear and cogent though not a brilliant speaker. But somehow he has not quite hit the mark. A thin voice, and a rapid, jerky, uneven delivery, have rather spoiled his appearances in the House of Commons. Moreover, it is very difficult for a man to do great things with any spending department; the official pressure upon him is so severe, he is so completely at the mercy of the permanent staff, and the figures he handles are so gigantic that none but a perfect Titan can hope to grapple successfully with his work. There never has been a great Minister for War or for the Navy, on either side, for years. Mr. Smith and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman both succeeded fairly well, but only fairly. To succeed altogether you want a man of genius, and men of genius do not grow like blackberries.

"Sir Wolff."

The gentleman who is practically arranging all the details concerning the Shah's visit to



London is Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, our Minister at the Court of Teheran. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is one of the successes in the Diplomatic World. Next to Sir Henry White, the wonderful old diplomatist who has for years held up the name and fame of England at the Court of Constantinople, and possibly to Lord Dufferin, he stands perhaps as high as any member of the great race of Ambassadors which British diplomacy has produced. He has been successful everywhere—successful in Egypt, successful at Constantinople, successful in Persia; and yet no one quite understands why he has done so well. He is not a man of extraordinary gifts, or of very statesmanlike mind. His great secret, however, is tact. Tact and the gifts of an accomplished linguist, a capacity for telling a good story well, knowledge of men, and endless patience and good humour constitute Sir Henry's diplomatic stock in trade. With these he has conquered the Courts of the Sultan, the Shah, and the Khedive, all of them men of character and ability, and, in the cases of the Sultan and the Shah at least, with no special reason for trusting or liking English diplomacy. Add to these the possession of a very accomplished and charming wife, love of Eastern society, and the capacity of adapting himself to it, and it will be seen that our Persian Minister is fairly well equipped for his work. When he was with Lord Randolph he and Sir Henry Gorst were the two councillors of the party, and kept Lord Randolph in check, and the last-named has never done so well since they left him.

Mr. Walter Gilbey.

The great event of the week is the Agricultural Show, and the great figure at the Shows this year is Mr. Walter Gilbey, the President of the Royal Agricultural Society. Mr. Gilbey is, as most people know, the head of the great firm of wine merchants; but, as nearly everybody also knows, Mr. Gilbey's interest is not confined to cheap clarets. He has done more, probably, than any man in England for the improvement of the breed of horses, and for the promotion of interest in the subject. Personally, he is an extraordinarily original and interesting figure. All the Gilbeys are good figures, amiable, pleasant, good-hearted, and generous; but Walter is the prince of the family. I remember first meeting him at dinner some years ago, and being struck with the oddity of his appearance. He had a long frock-coat and buff-coloured waistcoat of antique cut, tiny white necktie, and a little grizzled moustache turned up at the ends. Eccentric however as the dress seemed, the general effect was perfectly appropriate. It seemed to suit the man like a glove, and when Mr. Gilbey began to talk the impression of suitability deepened. Shrewd, sensible, kind-hearted, very clear-headed, the touch of eccentricity about the dress seemed to fit in with the character of the man. He has a charming place down in Essex, of which he is very fond, and which is the centre of county Radical politics. The Gilbeys are practically the leaders of Liberalism in Essex.

Russell Up.

Sir Charles Russell has been in his element this week at the Chetwynd-Durham arbitration, and it is probable that not even the tremendous fees he is receiving for his work in the case have proved anything like so attractive to him as the delight of mixing in a great racing case, for the great barrister is one of the most devoted sportsmen of his day, and the tinkling of the saddle-bell is as music in his ears. Hard as he is worked, he never misses a race if he can help it, and his cross-examinations have witnessed to the immensity of his knowledge of every detail about racing horse-flesh. He is also a devoted whist-player, and, like Serjeant Ballantine, plays for good stiff points. As a cross-examiner, I never thought he was quite the equal of his rival, Sir Henry James. He is more brilliant, makes more startling coups, and is more dangerous to an equivocating witness; but in intellectual subtlety, and the capacity for winding round and into the heart of a matter, I do not think he is quite Sir Henry's equal. As an orator, of course, he is far superior, and in this respect may rank with any of the great lawyers of the century who have preceded him. Another of his wonderful capacities is his lightning-like power of seeing points, and his extraordinary method of arranging his materials, and acquiring a knowledge of a case with which he has very little time to make himself acquainted.

"T. W."

I see the Cornwall and Devon Unionists talk of inviting Mr. T. W. Russell to the West in order to counteract the effect of the G.O.M.'s oratory. "T. W." is, in his way, one of the most singular figures in the House of Commons. His livid pallor, his intent look and tightly-compressed mouth, his queer jaunty walk, his square shoulders, his thin, awkward, loose-strung, skeleton-like figure, are among the sights of the lobby of the House. But the sickly form and unhealthy face veil one of the most resolute, tireless, fierce, and energetic natures in the whole House of Commons. I don't know whether it can be said of Mr. T. W. Russell, as it was said of the great Shaftesbury, that his

Fiery spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.

But he always looks as if he is wearing himself out with work and worry. As for his speech, it is, perhaps, the bitterest, most vehement form of oratory to be heard outside the Irish benches. It is never listened to without some accompanying or following scene from Mr. Russell's opponents. It is, perhaps, too platformy in style to be altogether to the House of Commons taste, but yet it seldom fails to produce its effect, either on friend or foe. Mr. Russell is an old temperance writer and lobbyist, and still owns a temperance hotel in Dublin. I know him some years before he entered Parliament, and in the old days—when the lobby was crowded with Parliamentary agents, secretaries, agitators, wire-pullers, touts, and what not—Mr. Russell was one of the most prominent figures in it. Old habit is still strong in him, and he is constant at his former haunts, and is one of the most communicative of men.

Mr. Augustine Birrell.

If Mr. Augustine Birrell is elected as member for West Fifeshire, the House of Commons will gain, apart from politics, a very distinguished member. Mr. Birrell is the chief author of "Obiter Dicta," and one of the most delightful littérateurs of the day, and he is also a *raconteur* of almost as charming a quality as he is a writer. Personally, too, he is a man among ten thousand. Humour looks through his dark restless eyes, and something better than humour is written on his keen, intellectual face. Next, perhaps, to Mr. Justin M'Carthy the elder and Lord Granville, I consider him the best after-dinner speaker in England. He is the son of a worthy old Nonconformist minister of Liverpool, famous for his culture, his refinement, and his personal amiability. I remember one characteristic of him. Birrell the elder was celebrated for his personal neatness and his dislike of untidy clothes and slovenly personal habits. One of his pet aversions was tobacco—an aversion, by-the-way, which has not descended to his son. He happened to have a call from a minister who reeked of the early pipe. "What do you spend on tobacco a year?" asked Birrell, grimly. "What do you spend on starch, Birrell?" was the reply, with a downward glance at the minister's neat cuffs and dazzling shirt-front.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

Bands in Public Gardens.—The Kyrle Society is again making preparations for a series of performances during the summer of popular music in several gardens which are open to the public. The band of the 1st Volunteer Battalion, the Royal Fusiliers, has again generously offered its services. An example for other bands to follow!

Mary Anderson's Dagger.—Columbia's fair and charming actress, Mary Anderson, is gradually recovering her health. She is living in the quaint old town of Hampstead. She has collected quite a museum of theatrical curiosities. A correspondent betrays the trophy she most values is a dagger given her by Lady Martin, which was always used by the elder when she, as Helen Faucit, played Juliet.

The "Sporting Life" of Saturday last did *Penny Illustrated Paper* the honour to quote Mr. Shee's" selections for the Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting. We are obliged for the compliment, which we should have appreciated the more had the racing contemporary made mention of "Bamboo" as its authority.—ED. P.I.P.

For the avoidance of the frequent collisions now so prevalent in our ever-increasing traffic, our Artist offers the above suggestion.

Voice of the Driver: "Look out, Bill, 'ere's the hoppersition coming! Chuck out the fender over the hind wheel, and get the bobby to shove her off with the boathook!"

THE 'BUS NUISANCE IN LONDON.

FACTS AND FACES.

Playing at Charity.

Are not our fashionable Fancy Fairs greatly overdone? One of the most melancholy exhibitions "The Prompter" has visited for some time was the so-called "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Albert Hall—as seen by daylight. It was pitiable. The very poor attendance of the public must have tempted the fair stall-keepers to prey upon one another. There was a beggarly array of empty places in front of each booth; and, in the full light of the Conservatory, shockingly yellow looked the skin of a middle-aged golden-winged Cupid and various mature sylphs in green and pink roses. True, the Albert Hall itself never looked gayer, with its festoons from the lofty dome, and an arena for Katti Lanner's pupils to dance in, the stalls circling round on a line with the organ. But "Played Out" seemed to be the writing on the wall. Not even the indubitable witchery of the host of charmingly gowned young girls could be proof against public indifference. The truth is that Society is tired of "Playing at Charity" in what is nothing more nor less than a huge Vanity Fair: and, estimable as the objects of the Thimble League are, the result, it is to be feared, will be that the funds will gain but little from this precious "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Punch" on Paris.

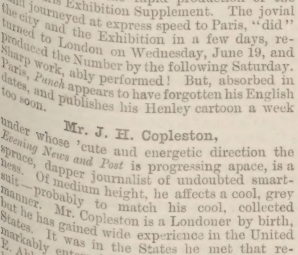
Mr. F. C. Burnand, and his merry crew, are to be felicitated on the rapid production of the *Punch* Paris Exhibition Supplement. The jovial band journeyed at express speed to Paris, "did" the city and the Exhibition in a few days, returned to London on Wednesday, June 19, and produced the Number by the following Saturday. Sharp work, ably performed! But, absorbed in Paris, *Punch* appears to have forgotten his English dates, and publishes his Henley cartoon a week too soon.

Mr. J. H. Copleston,

under whose 'cute and energetic direction the *Evening News and Post* is progressing apace, is a spruce, dapper journalist of undoubted smartness. Of medium height, he affects a cool, grey manner. Mr. Copleston is a Londoner by birth, but he has gained wide experience in the United States. It was in the States he met that remarkably enterprising entrepreneur, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, whose urbane London representative he became during Miss Mary Anderson's second season at the Lyceum. Mr. Copleston is as much at home in a newspaper office as in the playhouse.

The "Answers" Puzzle Answered.

Everyone is asking me if I have done the *Answers* puzzle. Of course I have done it; but I am a little sceptical of those marvellous people who have done it in fifteen seconds or less. It took me something over a minute; but it would have taken me hours to do it in the fashion pursued by the unsophisticated people who rattle the marbles about in the box in futile efforts to get them into their proper places. This is how it is done:—



Turn the box round so that the letters are upside down. Work the balls into the top groove so that they run from right to left in the following order, purple, yellow, blue, green, black, red, white. Then let them drop over gently, one at a time, into the second groove, when they will fall to the bottom of the box, and will run from left to right as before. Gently tap the blue marble and it will pass through the aperture on to the red square "A," and another tap will send the yellow after it, and then the purple, green, white and black in succession. There then remain the red and white marbles in the right-hand corner to be provided for. A gentle tap on the right-hand corner of the box will send first the white and then the red into its place, and your puzzle is solved.

M. Pasteur.

The Lord Mayor has issued a circular letter of invitation to a meeting, to be held at the Mansion House on July 1, at three p.m., for the purpose of hearing statements from Sir James Paget and other representatives of scientific and medical opinion with regard to the recent increase of rabies in this country, and as to the efficacy of the treatment discovered by M. Pasteur for the prevention of hydrophobia. The Lord Mayor, in the course of his letter, says:—"It has been, I believe, established to the satisfaction of scientific experts that only 1 per cent of those bitten by rabid animals, and subsequently treated by M. Pasteur's system of inoculation, contract hydrophobia and die; whereas of persons so bitten and not treated by Pasteur's system, 15 per cent develop hydrophobia and die." The Prince of Wales has sent 100 gs. to the Pasteur Institute Fund.

Professor Seeley.

I heard Professor J. R. Seeley address a London audience the other evening. It is very rarely that this Cambridge Professor of History leaves his luxurious chambers by the Cam to put in an appearance in the great city. When he does so it is usually for nothing more ambitious than the edification of a working-men's club or some society with a dozen members or so. Last week it was the Ethical Society which he favoured. Most of us have never heard of the Ethical Society, and I, for one, do not wish to hear of it again. Half the evening was spent in some trivial personal dispute which had no relation to ethics, and the Professor looked unutterably bored. He is small and stout, with a very slight amount of hair on his head, but an immense amount of learning in it. It was in 1866 that he sent an electric shock through the religious world with his "Ecce Homo," which Mr. Gladstone reviewed—and popularised. In 1869 Mr. Gladstone gave him the chair of history at Cambridge, and since then he has been known as one of the half-dozen greatest historical scholars now living. His "Life of Stein," however, whilst a great success in Germany, was, as he pathetically complained to me, a complete failure in England. Yet its learning and research should make every Englishman proud of the author. Perhaps Professor Seeley is best known to most people by his book on the "Expansion of England" and his zealous interest in all questions pertaining to the relation of the Colonies to the Mother Country. He is a son of Seeley, the publisher, and is fifty-five years of age.

Mill Hill School.

Dr. Abbott is about to leave the City of London School. He is only fifty-one, which seems an early age at which to retire. However, I suppose that Dr. Arnold, most famous of schoolmasters, who died at fifty-three, has made schoolmastering a youthful profession. At any rate, I visited a large school the other day where the head-master, Dr. Vince, is only thirty-two. This is Mill Hill, which ranks as twelfth amongst the public schools of England. It is beautifully situated on a hill opposite Harrow, and has accommodation for 500 boys. One of the most gentlemanly and pleasing of youths took me round the place, showing me the swimming-bath, the museum, the dormitories, and class-rooms. Altogether I could understand Byron's exclamation—"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?" But all boys cannot be so fortunate as these youths at "The Rugby of Nonconformity," as Mill Hill is called. The school is of particular interest, because the great Oxford Dictionary was begun here, Dr. A. Murray being for many years one of the masters.

The Stage Irishman,

as Mr. Boucicault presents him in "The Shaughraun," is an amusing personage; but we must not examine him too closely or accept him as a portrait from life. When the drama was about to be produced in New York, an American actor, cast for Harvey Duff, was rehearsing the part one day when Mr. Boucicault entered the theatre, and taking his seat in the pit, was very critical as to the actor's idea of the character. "Try it again," said the dramatist after a scene between Harvey Duff and Kinchela. Still the author was dissatisfied. "Man alive! where did you get that brogue?" exclaimed the dramatist. Whereupon the offended actor came to the footlights and said: "Where you never got yours, Mr. Boucicault: in Ireland; for I was born and bred within sight of the place you have made the scene of 'The Shaughraun.'" As a matter of fact, Mr. Boucicault, who, it is true, is an Irishman by birth, having been born in Dublin, Dec. 26, 1820, left that city in boyhood, and was educated at the London University, and has spent his life mainly in London and New York.

Mr. Sims Reeves.

The last time I saw Mr. Sims Reeves was on Saturday night, at the Lyceum, singing, if not with his old volume of tone, yet with all the old charm of style. The first time I saw this gifted singer he was wheeling a perambulator — a positive fact, strange as it may sound! Mr. Reeves in the early days of his married life lived for a time in one of the streets leading down to the Bayswater-road; and many a time and oft I have seen him push the perambulator into Hyde Park, and, in company with his young wife, the estimable singer formerly known as Miss Emma Luccombe, sit down on the grass and play with the children. Often when I have seen him in some operatic character I have thought of the domestic idyll in Hyde Park, and have reflected how little as a rule the world knows of the real nature of those who entertain it. Mr. Reeves has had a happy domestic life. May that not be one reason why he has so wonderfully preserved his powers?

Long "Waits."

The wait at Covent-Garden after the first act of "Roméo et Juliette" was within a minute or two of half-an-hour. Parisians are accustomed to that sort of thing of late years, but it was not always so. When the elder Dumas produced his five-act drama "Antony," Parisians playgoers did not hesitate to condemn a piece if kept long waiting. Dumas had got up a great deal of excitement in "Antony" up to the fourth act, which was full of action and passion; but he was aware the fifth act was feeble. The applause at the end of the fourth act was deafening and long continued, and the author rushed upon the stage and said to the carpenters and scene-shifters, "I will give you a hundred francs if you can get the curtain up before the applause subsides!" It was done; and the enthusiasm awakened by the fourth act saved the play, which had a long run. London managers and dramatic authors please copy.

THE PROMPTER.

The Duchess of Aosta has given birth, at Turin, to a son, who is to be called Umberto.

A girl named Richards, aged fifteen years, a weaver, employed at Messrs. Barlow's mills at Chapelfield, Radcliffe, met with her death on June 20. While engaged at the loom her hair caught in the workings and her neck was dislocated. She was not missed until the works were closed, and, upon a search being made about seven o'clock, her dead body was found under the loom.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

M. PLANQUETTE'S sprightly comic opera "Paul Jones" is deservedly much sought after by reason of the "hit" made by handsome Miss Agnes Huntington in the chief part. There will now probably be a fresh run on this gay musical piece because of the renewed interest taken by the public in

MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON,

who is daintily hit off by Mr. F. H. Townsend in the vivacious character of Chopinette, held in high favour for her *chic* song of "He looked at my sabots!" As is well known, Miss Broughton (long before Lord Dangan sang, "Phyllis is my only joy") graduated at the Gaiety in that far-famed lace-petticoat school of dancers which Miss Kate Vaughan, the personification of the poetry of motion, founded, and in which Miss Letty Lind and Miss Sylvia Grey also excel. Lord Dangan appears to have wooed the fair and lightsome Phyllis not wisely, but too well. Anyway, a breach of promise action was brought against him by the graceful actress (just as Miss Fortescue secured a competency, £10,000, by suing Earl Cairns). All's well that ends well. Lord Dangan, it is reported, pays £2500 for his pastime. And sweet Phyllis sings and dances still at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

I trust I shall not be cast in damages for stating that Miss Maude Millett, charming in grey striped dress and hat with laburnum embellishments, was the comeliest and prettiest visitor I noted at the Midsummer Fancy Fair at the Albert Hall.

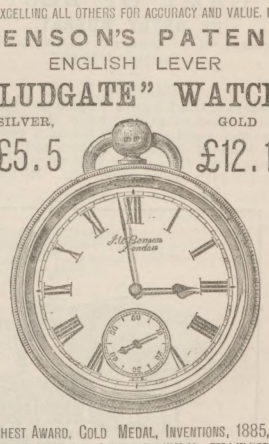
Royal Italian Opera continues to flourish at Covent-Garden; Mr. Harris relying upon the undoubted attractions of the famous Brothers De Reszké, the D'Andrades, Mesdames Albani and Melba and Marie Roze, and Misses Ella Russell, Maggie Macintyre, and Van Zandt, in repetitions of the lyric dramas he has mounted so magnificently. At Her Majesty's Mr. Mapleson courageously continues Italian Opera at cheap prices; likewise reproducing proved attractions, and exploiting prima donnas of the calibre of Mdlle. Zélie De Lussan (whom the great Augustus should not have lost), Mdlle. Louise Dotti, Madame Gargano, and Miss Minnie Ewan (a charming débutante as Gilda in "Rigoletto"). The public wishful to enjoy good operatic performances at half the price charged at Covent-Garden should flock to her Majesty's.

Mr. J. L. Shine hardly takes all the brilliancy out of our recollections of Mr. Boucicault's inimitable creation of the Myles-na-Coppaleen type of Irishman; but buoyant and cheery Mr. Shine, nevertheless, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Pateman as a powerfully repulsive Harvey Duff, and Mr. Beveridge as the designing Squireen, mainly contributed to the successful revival of "The Shaughraun" at the cool, electric-lighted Adelphi, on Saturday night last. I don't deny the neatness of Mr. Terriss's finical "Masher" of a Captain Molineux; nor the unquestioned charm of Miss Millward, Miss G. Esmonde, and Miss Reardon, nor the brogueish perfection of Mrs. Carter; neither do I decry the force of Mr. Maclean as the good old priest; though I do think Mr. Abingdon might be less of a joker as the *expatriated* patriot. But, unquestionably the lavish mounting by the Brothers Gatti, and the strong acting of the trio chosen for chief praise, secured the triumph of "The Shaughraun," which abounds with racy humour and sympathetic poetry, and is a play well worth seeing again and again. "The Shaughraun" ought to serve to fill the stage till the new drama by MM. Sims and Pettitt is ready.

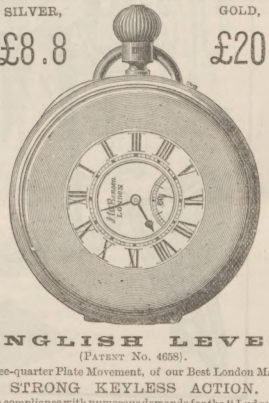
Mr. Irving was among those drawn to the Novelty by Miss Achurch's clever performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House." Our foremost actor-manager (whose "Macbeth" season is fast drawing to a close) had the satisfaction of enriching the Actors' Benevolent Fund by £450.

THESPIS.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WATCH IN THE WORLD,
EXCELLING ALL OTHERS FOR ACCURACY AND VALUE, IS
BENSON'S PATENT
ENGLISH LEVER
"LUDGATE" WATCH.
SILVER, £5.5 GOLD £12.12



HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885, TO BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH
(PATENT No. 4658).
Description—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from Dust and Damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of, any Watch made.
Thousands of Testimonials from Wearers in all parts of the world.
Made in Four Sizes:—Ladies.
Gentlemen and Youths (as illustrated).
Working Men generally; and
Specially large and strong for Miners and Railway-men.
In extra Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £12 12s. Lady's size, £10 10s.
BENSON'S
KEYLESS "LUDGATE."
SILVER, £8.8 GOLD, £20



ENGLISH LEVER
(PATENT No. 4658).
Three-quarter Plate Movement, of our Best London Make.
STRONG KEYLESS ACTION.
In compliance with numerous demands for the "Ludgate" Watch *with keyless action*, we have specially designed the above (as shown in the Illustration), which combines all the advantages of the former together with the undoubted convenience of the keyless mechanism.
Jewelled throughout. True Chronometer Balance. Patent Protection from dust and damp. In Massive Sterling Silver hall-marked Dome Cases, engine-turned or polished, in strong Crystal Glass, Hunting, or Half-Hunting Cases, £8 8s.; or in heavy 18-carat Gold Cases, £20.
An ILLUSTRATED BOOK, explaining the advantages of the "LUDGATE" ENGLISH LEVER over the ordinary Lever Watches, post-free on application. Also Pamphlets on WATCHES (from £2 2s. to £250), CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE.
WATCHES SENT FREE, AT OUR RISK, TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
J. W. BENSON,
Sole Maker,
STEAM FACTORY,
62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.;
28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and
25, OLD BOND-STREET, W., LONDON.
WATCH CLUBS established under J. W. Benson's system are most beneficial both to Members and Secretaries. Applications desired from Foremen, Insurance Agents, and others to form Clubs.

The Grand Naval Review.—We are officially informed that the inspection of the fleet at Spithead by his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor will take place on Saturday, Aug. 3, and not on Monday, Aug. 5, as previously announced.

The Cashier at Messrs. King's, Moss Mill, Rochdale, had a bag containing £300 in cash for wages on Thursday se'nnight at Victoria Station, Manchester. He put it in a carriage, and, while he stood on the platform, three respectably-dressed men secretly exchanged the bag for another like it. Then, on the excuse that a woman whom they expected had not arrived, and that they could not depart without her, they left the carriage. The cashier discovered his loss at Rochdale.

A Sad Spectacle was witnessed on June 21 in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. A young widow, whose husband—to whom she had been married only a little over a fortnight—was being buried, suddenly fell back just as the body was lowered into the grave. She was taken up and carried to one of the porter's lodges in the cemetery, but she died before medical assistance could be procured. Like her husband, she had fallen a victim to disease of the heart. She was only nineteen years of age, and her husband was twenty-five.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVED at Charing-cross, Ralph found that he had a half-hour to wait before the train for Becksford would start. He bought a paper at the bookstall outside the barrier, and strolled slowly about the crowded platform reading it, until he felt a hand upon his arm. He turned,

He turned, and beheld the interrupter, with anything but pleasure or welcome.

and beheld the interrupter with anything but pleasure or welcome. He was a small man, of exceedingly dismal aspect, who carried his eyebrows raised and the outer corners of his lips depressed, as if he suffered under a perennial lowness of spirits, which nothing but tears could relieve, and the tears wouldn't come.

"Mr. Purdon," he said, "I'm very glad to see you, Sir." Nobody would have thought it, to look at him. "Very glad indeed, Sir." His voice was tearful, too, with an occasional choke in it, and pitched in a mournfully high key.

"Well?" said Ralph, with the air of one resigning himself to unescapable boredom.

"If you could give me a minute, Sir, it would be a favour."

"Well?" said Ralph again.

"I've been down to Becksford, Sir, to-day—to the Manor House; but hadn't the good luck to find you there."

"I should prefer," said Ralph, "that you would not call on me, uninvited, at the houses of my friends."

"It was a liberty, Sir, I don't deny. But I saw that you were there, in the report of your uncle's funeral. Roberts has been there, too, Sir—Roberts the bootmaker. I'm afraid Roberts made himself unpleasant, Mr. Purdon. He talked very loud, Sir; and Sir Thomas, Sir, threatened to eject him—by the window, Sir."

"You had the damned impertinence," said Ralph, hotly, "to talk to my cousin about my affairs?"

"Not I, Mr. Purdon. That was Roberts."

"Look here," said Ralph. "Once and for all, I won't have this. I told you when I saw you last time, and I've told you a dozen times before, that when I can pay you, you will be paid. You'll get your money no sooner by persecuting me in this fashion—quite the contrary. You dare to follow me again, or to speak of my affairs to any third person, and I won't pay you at all!"

"Well, you know, Mr. Purdon," said the small man, in a tone so additionally dismal that it seemed as if the tears must come at last, "that isn't satisfactory talk at all. Gentlemen can't be allowed to rob poor tradesmen—"

"Oblige me by choosing some other word," interrupted Ralph.

"I've got a wife and family, Sir," wailed the small man, "and if my language is disrespectful I can't help it. I want my money, Mr. Purdon—I want it very bad, Sir. You let the last judgment summons go by default, Sir, and you've took no notice of the orders of the Court, which is contempt. If I was to press matters it would mean imprisonment, for there is law for us, Mr. Purdon, and you know it, Sir."

"You can't get blood out of a stone, Grainger," said Ralph. "I'll pay you when I can, if you're quiet. If you make any more row about it I won't pay you at all, and you can do what you choose."

With that he walked away, conscious that Grainger's retiring figure was followed with pitying glances by such of the standers-by as had caught scraps of their dialogue, and feeling more than half inclined to assault one old gentleman who glared indignation at him through his glasses. He chose a less-frequented corner of the platform in which to do the remainder of his waiting, fearful that Roberts, or some other of his legion of creditors, might also be on the watch for him. Becksford was obviously played out as a retreat, and another day or two would bring the whole crew about his heels. Well, he must get what he could out of Tom before he started for Africa, and then go and stay with Stasie for a while. It would be infernally dull, but his creditors would hardly come to Bermondsey to look for him. As the train bore him homewards he calculated the probable extent of his cousin's generosity. Tom knew how hard up he was, and in the flush of his succession might perhaps be inclined to do things largely. Ralph did not think that the events of the day during his absence were of a kind to do him much good in his cousin's opinion, and devoted Messrs. Grainger and Roberts to the least inviting of conceivable fates with a truly religious unction. The manner in which, as an afterthought, he consigned the remainder of his creditors to the same uninviting bourne was comparatively perfunctory and lacking in heartiness.

When he reached the house he looked rather hard at the domestic who admitted him, and went upstairs with an angry belief in his mind that there had somehow been a grin lurking under the immoveable mask of that well-bred servitor. He was rather sorry than otherwise that it had not broken to the surface, for he was just in that condition of nervous irritation when a chance to fall foul of somebody would have been a godsend to him. When he reached his room he found a little pile of letters displayed upon his dressing-table, addressed in faultless handwriting to himself, and so alike in outward seeming that they might almost have been written by the same hand. He groaned at the sight of them. There was no necessity to open them, he knew too well what they contained; but with something of that gluttony of martyrdom which has made men at the stake press the burning brands to their own wounds he read them all. They were all, without exception, demands for money, accompanied by threats of legal proceedings. Some of them—especially Roberts's, which had been personally delivered—Ralph felt to be unnecessarily offensive, and even brutal, in the fashion in which their purport was stated.

Things had been just as bad for a year or more past; but they had never seemed so bad to Ralph, principally for the reason that they had never before been presented *en masse* with such unmistakable plainness. Ralph was not the kind of man to go in search of sorrow, and would have been beautifully serene under any conceivable load of debt, so long as his creditors refrained from troubling him. Debt is some men's poison, it was Ralph's natural atmosphere. But this presentation, in a lump, of his liabilities, the domiciliary visits of Grainger and Roberts, and the expectation of more visits of the same kind in the near future, shook him sorely. He was out of training for this sort of thing, so to speak. He had had three months of complete calm at Becksford, and had grown morally fat and stale. Performers of Ralph's kind on the financial tight rope have need of constant practice—too long a rest spoils them altogether.

In his desperation he sat down and did what he had never had the courage or the patience to do before. He made a complete schedule of his debts, supplementing the bills before him to the best of his memory. The total literally staggered him. He cast up the column again and again in the hope of discovering some error whose rectification would give things a less awful aspect: but he had been fatally correct in his first calculation, and £1250 stared at him from the paper when he finally dropped his pen. Twelve hundred and fifty pounds of debt, and literally not a shilling wherewith to meet it!

The dressing-bell rang while he sat despairingly contemplating these figures and he rose mechanically and began his toilet in answer to the summons. As the servant bearing his hot-water-can knocked at the door, he huddled the accusing papers into a drawer, and at the second ringing of the bell went down to dinner to meet his indignant cousin. It was only half a relief to find the evil moment postponed by Arkinstall's presence. He was already painfully aware of the opinion entertained by Elsie's father respecting him; and from a certain extra stiffness in the old gentleman's greeting, was inclined to think that he had overheard, or was aware of the visit, of his creditors that day. Tom looked grave and troubled, and the dinner passed almost in silence, for Ralph's spirits were too depressed to permit him to make any pretence of his usual lightheartedness. He had a faint hope that the after-dinner coffee and cigar might induce a livelier tone, and swallowed two or three glasses of liqueur to prime himself to bear his part in the conversation. But the same chill silence reigned, and presently, unable to bear it any longer, Ralph rose, and, with a muttered excuse, went up-stairs to his own room, got the accusing papers out, and studied them with a constant fall of his moral barometer.

Something had got to be done. He put his elbows on the table, and, holding his head in his hands, resolutely and for the first time in his life faced the future and its possibilities. If Tom, disgusted by the day's exposé, refused altogether to help him, he would go and live with Stasie—for *with*, read *on*—till he found some occupation which might yield him bread and cheese. If, on the contrary, Tom was generous, what might be expected of him? Three hundred pounds—or five? With that he might begin the world afresh. There was an old schoolfellow and chum of his, one Billy Temple, who had started a cattle ranche out in Arizona, and was doing fairly well. He might go and join him. With a hundred or two of capital to add to the venture he would be doubly welcome, and he thought he would like the life. Like most physically healthy young Englishmen, Ralph objected far less to muscular exertion than to any other form of labour. He could stand life in the saddle well enough, and thought he could rough it with passable content. If he went, and things prospered with him, he could send over for Stasie and the child later on. If they didn't, it would, at least, be a clean sweep of all his difficulties: his debts, his wife, his child—everything. It would remove him from the sphere of Elsie's influence, which in this last day or two had become disquieting. If he had only faced his other troubles at their first beginning as he faced that, he would have been in a better position now. There was nothing to be got in that direction but sorrow for both. If he could have seen any way of so arranging matters that Elsie might have monopolised the disagreeables, he would have been perhaps in less of a hurry to run away from temptation. As it was, he saw her side almost as large as his own. The more he looked at it the brighter the Arizona scheme appeared. A new life, with excitement and adventure, in a new country, far away from any chance of being tempted by especial weaknesses.

He heard voices in the hall below, and presently, as he gazed before him through the window, saw Arkinstall walking down the avenue. A minute or two after his cousin's tread became audible in the corridor. He dropped the bills and the schedule of his debts back into the drawer before Tom entered, and pulled himself together for the scene he felt to be coming.

"I had a call from a couple of your acquaintances to-day," said Tom, going with his usual directness straight to the matter in his mind.

"I am very sorry indeed," said Ralph, speaking no more than the truth in saying it, "that you should have been so annoyed."

"You know that they were here?"

"I met one of them at Charing-Cross, and he told me that they had been. I told him that he had no right to come here, bothering you."

"I don't know about their having no right," said Tom. "The fellows want their money, of course, and came to ask for it. Why don't you pay them?"

"For the best of all reasons," said Ralph.

"Surely you can give them something?"

Ralph put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a sixpence and a small pile of copper, which he spread upon the table before him.

"That," he said, looking his cousin in the face, "is every cent I have in the world."

"Do you mean that literally?" asked Tom.

"Literally and absolutely. That is all I possess."

He was sick of lying pretences, and felt desperate. If this complete exposure of his poverty moved Tom to help him he would make a try to get square with the world again. If it didn't have that effect, at least it could do no harm. He swept the coins together and dropped them back into his pocket, with another glance at his cousin's face. Tom stared at him resolutely, not knowing what to make of his tranquillity.

"Those are not your only creditors, I suppose?" he said presently.

"Oh no!" said Ralph, with a kind of desperate placidity. "There are heaps more of 'em."

There was a real despair under his surface-carelessness; and Tom, simple as he was, read it. Men of great native kindliness of heart understand by sympathy, sometimes, as quickly as shrewder men by other processes.

"How much do you suppose you owe altogether?"

The question so shook Ralph with the sudden hope it inspired that for a moment he could not trust his voice to reply. Rapid calculations shot through his brain. For a second he was on the

Twelve hundred and fifty pounds in debt, and literally not a shilling wherewith to meet it.

point of giving the actual total of his debts. He restrained himself from that burst of confidence, and replied, with a tremor in his voice which he found impossible to control.

"About three hundred, I should think. Perhaps a little more."

"Could you make a list of your liabilities—a complete list?"

"Of all of any importance, yes."

"Make it, and you shall have the money." Ralph started from his chair with a gasp, but a gesture of Tom's hand stayed the torrent of thanks on his lips. "I knew you were hard up, and I have been thinking for some time past of means to help you. I arranged last night with Arkinstall how I should do it. I must, of course, leave somebody here in charge during my absence, and it occurred to me that if you cared to accept the position you should have it. I think it best to tell you—you will see why presently—that Arkinstall at first opposed the proposal. He came round to my opinion, however, and has promised to give you all possible help in the management of the estate. You will do nothing without his sanction—in fact, you will be under his orders; and you will receive your salary from him. It will be five hundred a year, paid quarterly." Another irrepressible motion from Ralph, checked, as before. "I am afraid that you will not find Arkinstall too easy to get along with, but I have always found him a very reasonable man; and if you do your work you may manage together well enough."

This was a long speech for Tom to make, and he was not happy in the making of it. He had never before had any business to get through which required so many words, and he was painfully conscious that a man of more tact than he possessed would have managed it better. Perhaps, recognising his own want of that quality, he did the best thing in the circumstances by speaking with perfect simplicity and directness.

"The money," pursued Tom, "which I shall advance you to pay your debts with will be repaid out of your salary. You will make arrangements with Arkinstall as to the amount and rates of payment. The rooms you now occupy will be at your disposal."

After the passing of the first shock of grateful surprise Ralph was at leisure to remark the unwonted stiffness of his cousin's manner, which recalled that of a shy Chancellor of the Exchequer presenting an unpopular Budget to an Inimical House. He had been drilled in all the points of his address by Arkinstall, and in his desire to abide by the conditions his adviser had recommended, and in his rather contradictory desire to express himself with more cordiality than those conditions admitted of, he took refuge in this unusual woodenness of manner. He was angry at Ralph's former reckelessness, and at the visit of the two creditors; but he had a considerable affection for him, notwithstanding, and his approaching departure for an uncertain term softened him towards the scapegrace. He recognised the wisdom of Arkinstall's precautions, but he did not at all relish having to adopt them to Ralph. It went against his simple and kindly nature to combine generosity and suspicion in his dealings with his cousin. He felt somehow that in Ralph's position he would have felt insulted by the combination. He saw that in effect what he said to him was this—You are poor by your own extravagance. My only means of offering you assistance without having the air of giving you alms is to make you the manager of my property. But as you are quite unfit for a position of such trust, I shall put over you a person who has no belief in you, and will be delighted to catch you tripping, and your position will be a simulacrum and your authority a sham. He was so conscious that that formula would have perfectly expressed the situation that he half expected Ralph indignantly to decline the offer.

That idea never occurred to Ralph, and it was not until some time after that he came to consider that the conditions of the position his cousin offered him were at all humiliating. All he could think of was the five hundred a year. If that sum had fallen on his head from the ceiling in minted gold it could hardly have hit him corporeally harder than he was hit morally. Perhaps a more delicately honourable man than Ralph in a strait as desperate might not have paused to consider at the moment whether the rope just thrown within his drowning clutch was particularly clean or not.

He stammered out a flood of incoherent thanks and wrung Tom's hand again and again. That good fellow's woodenness departed at this physical contact, and he became his simple, unembarrassed self again, and clearly showed himself pleased and touched by the other's gratitude and emotion. He would have liked to have rescinded the arrangement about the repayment of the loan; but he had promised his business conscience, known to men as John Arkinstall, that he should exact a return of any money so advanced. He told Ralph, however, that he might take his own time about it, and pay in what sums and what terms he would. It pricked the scapegrace's dull conscience when they sat down together to schedule his debts that he must needs, even at such a moment as this, shuffle and evade and suppress, in order to present a passable total. The mean sinner is often genuinely worthy of pity. To act honestly here would have been a luxury to Ralph, but he dared not. Tom noticed his miscase, and set it down to gratitude and a praiseworthy shame of his extravagance.

The total Ralph presented was three hundred and fifty-six pounds, for which sum his cousin gave him a cheque on the spot.

"I'll go up to town to-morrow," said Ralph, "and pay these beggars off."

They had a long talk together, and when they parted for the night shook hands with a keener sense of affection for each other than they had felt for many a year, when they had been boys together. But the rosy flush which had suffused Ralph's future prospect at the first moment of his cousin's communication seemed somehow to have faded a little when he found himself alone. The money he had received, distributed among his creditors, would not keep them quiet long, and it had to be repaid. Stasie and the child had to be provided for. He was to be under Arkinstall's orders, and the old man would, of course, be as disagreeable as possible. And there was Elsie, too. He could hardly avoid meeting her, and he had self-knowledge enough to dread temptation. Altogether, Ralph went to bed in rather low spirits; while Tom was lying warm at heart, happy in the kindness he had done.

Ralph went into town in the morning, and cashed the cheque, coming out of the bank with a pad of bank-notes in one pocket and a little coin jingling in another. It galled him to think how short a time the money would be his, and what noble times he might have had with it. He called a cab, and was driven to his club to fortify himself with luncheon before beginning his round of calls on his creditors. The steward passed through the hall as he entered, and gave him just such a respectful silent greeting as he accorded to every member of the club on his first appearance for the day; but as Ralph seated himself at a side table and rang the bell, he saw him glide as by accident past the waiter who responded to the summons, and whisper him. The waiter was a young man, as yet little experienced in his craft, and his chief's communication, whose purport he could easily guess, made him blush and fidget as he took the order.

"Bring me a chop and a pint of '36," said Ralph.

"And, oh, I say!"—this was added with an admirably easy air—"ask the steward to be kind enough to let me have my bill."

The waiter's youthfulness became painfully apparent in the joy with which he heard this addendum. He brought the chop and the '36, and, shortly after, the bill, the payment of which decreased Ralph's funds by something over forty pounds. He sat finishing his wine and chewing a toothpick in a moody fashion, when a man strolled into the room, and, recognising him, came up to his table. There was a peculiarly jaded look about him, his hair was wild, his linen dubious, his chin unshaven, and his eyes inflamed.

"You're a pretty object!" said Ralph. "What's the matter with you?"

The newcomer yawned cavernously before replying.

"Been playing poker. Started yesterday, at half-past eleven in the morning. Just stopped. Cleaned out. Waiter, give me a brandy-and-soda. Big brandy and a small soda."

"Who have you been playing with?"

"Crosbie, Newland, Morse, and young Kershaw. Frightful luck! Haven't had a card worth holding for the last three hours!"

"Who's won?"

"Newland. Never saw anything like it. Flush every hand."

"By Jove, he owes me twenty pounds," said Ralph. "Has he gone yet?"

"Gone? no! They're at it still. Better nail him now. Slippery fish, Newland."

"You can't have been playing here all night," said Ralph. "They close at three."

"Yes. Bob came and turned us out. Tried to corrupt him, but couldn't: so we went into the commissionaire's lodge at the end of the passage. Asked Bob for some brandy-and-soda. Wouldn't give it us. Faithful service of the antique world, Bob's motto. Said we were outside the residue of the club."

"Outside the what!"

"Residue. Asked him if he meant 'precincts' or 'purlieus.' Said no—he meant 'residuum.' Gave it up, and did without the liquor. Got the commissionaire out of bed, and made him hold matches for us to play by. Waiter, call me a cab."

The hopeful young gentleman, whose short and improving story had been liberally punctuated with yawns, finished his drink, nodded to Ralph, and went away. The latter, having paid for his luncheon, went to the card-room to nail Newland, whom he found with a little mountain of gold and silver piled before him.

He was cordially hailed by those of the party with whom his popularity was not injured by any financial transactions; and Newland paid him his twenty pounds without demur.

"Have a flutter?" he asked.

"I don't care about it, thanks," said Ralph.

He took a seat beside the table, and watched the game. He felt it to be an unwise thing to do, for he was a born gambler, and quick to catch the contagion. His coming seemed to have affected the luck, and stopped Newland's run of big cards. Fortune was more equal during the next three or four rounds.

"Moral, don't pay your debts," said Newland. "I never do it while I'm playing but it spoils my luck. Don't sit there," he continued to Ralph, "glowering like a ghost who's forgotten the way to his churchyard. Come in and double your twenty."

"I've no time," said Ralph. "I couldn't stay more than half-an-hour."

"Well," said Newland, consulting his watch, "win or lose, I give public notice that I slope at two o'clock. That's three quarters of an hour. Come in till then."

"After all, why not?" thought Ralph. He was an unexpected twenty pounds to the good. The other men were jaded, and not particularly sober, he was fresh. He had not reckoned on the twenty, and could afford to lose it. The players made room for him, and he drew up his chair, and, putting Newland's sovereigns on the table, announced his intention of not going beyond that sum.

The early dusk was falling, and the lamps springing up in the street outside, when the party rose. By that time Newland's pile had grown to proportions which have made it historic in the gambling annals of the club, and Ralph's little fortune of the morning had dwindled to a few shillings over one hundred pounds.

(To be continued.)

Cumberland and Westmoreland Amateur Wrestling Society.—The members of this recently established but already very successful club—of which the Lord Mayor is the president—held their first championship meeting at the Paddington Recreation-Ground, Maida-vale, on Saturday last. Fully three thousand spectators were present. The prizes were presented to the successful competitors by the Lord Mayor. The arrangements were of a very complete and satisfactory character; but unfortunately R. Ward, one of the competitors in the Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestling, broke one of his legs while engaged in a bout with H. M. Orr.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Stirling Honesty of Purpose! Before the public and commands success. A score of admirable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an honourable channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S patent.—[ADVT.]

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

HER MAJESTY hastened her departure from Balmoral on purpose to grace with her presence the Jubilee Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Show, which has drawn so many thousands to the colossal inclosure in Windsor Great Park. This grand agricultural exhibition, illustrated on the present page, was opened to the public on Monday last. The Royal Agricultural Society held a meeting at Windsor a dozen years after its establishment, on the occasion of the Great Exhibition of 1851, under the presidency of the fifth Duke of Richmond. That show was laid out in the meadows below the castle, and "no less" than—

988 Head of Stock were Exhibited.

It is almost amusing to compare these figures with the entries of the present show, even making allowance for the special effort put forth all the country over to make the jubilee a success that should be historical.

Cattle

show the most numerous entries, which are divided thus: Shorthorn, 222; Hereford, 121; Devon, 84; Sussex, 97; Longhorn, 11; Welsh, 49; Red-polled, 71; Aberdeen-Angus, 87; Galloway, 46; Highland, 18; Ayrshire, 50; Jersey, 434; Guernsey, 141; Kerry, 77; Dexter-Kerry, 59; other breeds, 8; dairy cows, 62; total, 1637. This grand collection of staple animals—as grand in quality as in numbers, since it may be assumed they are the pick of the herds—would somewhat astonish "Farmer George," as Georgius III. was not unwilling to be styled, and the late Prince Consort, whose practical support of agriculture is one of the chief things by which he is remembered, could they appear upon the scene. It is in the fitness of things that

The Queen and the Prince of Wales,

who, by-the-way, has been most energetic as representative of her Majesty—should have entered a large number of animals in the cattle classes. In the live-stock sections the Queen had twenty-four and the Prince of Wales thirty-two entries—principally of horses, cattle, and sheep; but her Majesty was not so successful as is her wont, nor did the Prince of Wales appear very frequently upon the prize-list. Prince Christian figured for the first time—as an exhibitor of pigs—and took a prize for a pen of three boars.

The Space Covered by the Show

is 130 acres, or nearly double that of last year. The length of shedding is nearly ten miles, the greater portion of this being double-fronted, so that anyone determined on doing the whole round will have to traverse close on twenty miles. The central object of interest in the show-yard is the Royal Pavilion, constructed for the use of her Majesty. It is a remarkably ornate but withal substantial little villa, in the Tudor style, and its beauty is enhanced by the blaze of flowers and the wealth of greenery by which it is surrounded.

Visitors

will be glad to learn that they can reach the show—which is about a mile and a half from the railway station—at reasonable charges, the Mayor of Windsor, with foresight and firmness, having anticipated the usual extortion by fixing a reasonable tariff, which it is to be hoped the authorities will be enabled to enforce.

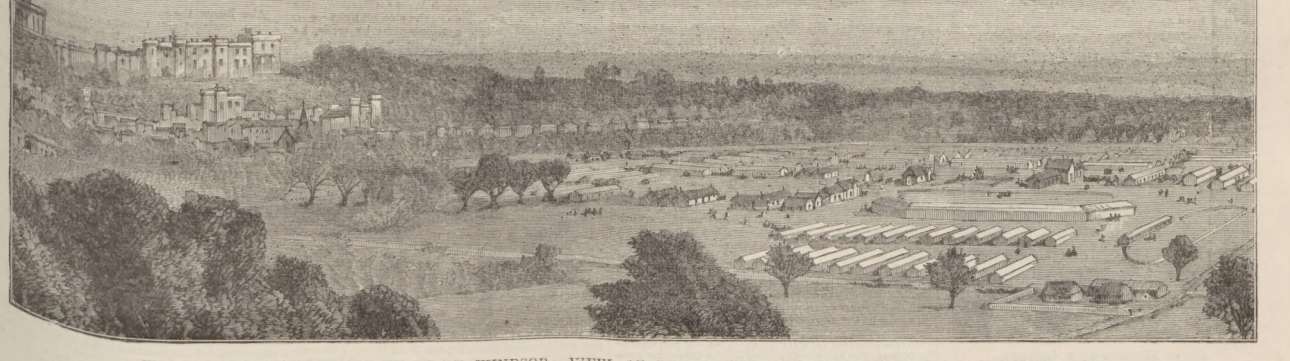
The Champion Prize of £25

for the best brood mare in hunters was won by Mr. J. Cooper, East Haddon, Northampton.

The Queen's Gold Medals

for the best stallion in coach horses and the best mare or filly was awarded to Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Kelsey, Hook House, Howden, Yorkshire, respectively. The gold medal given by the Queen for the best Ayrshire was won by a heifer belonging to Mr. Andrew Mitchell, of Barcheskie, Kirkcudbright, which also took champion prize for the best female. A similar prize for the best male went to a bull owned by Robert Osborne, Drumgoon, Ocheltre. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was awarded two first and two second prizes in Border Leicester sheep.

We strongly recommend a visit to Windsor, both for the exceptional interest of the Jubilee Agricultural Show, and for the view of the richly-wooded scenery of the park and the picturesque old town, easily accessible by the Great Western or Waterloo lines.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WINDSOR: VIEW OF THE CASTLE AND THE SHOW FROM BROMLEY HILL.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Shakspere's House.

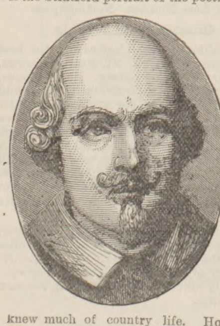
The house in Henley-street, Stratford-on-Avon, in which Shakspere is supposed to have been born, has, for some thirty years past, been in the custody of two estimable maiden ladies, the Misses Chataway; but the task of taking visitors round has now become too arduous, and they are to be pensioned off. Farewell, dear ladies: yours has been no easy life! From nine to seven every day crowds have come to make a babel of the pleasant dwelling in which, more than 300 years ago, a mighty poet was born. They have been of all nations and of all tongues, Hindoos, Chinamen, and Persians included; but most noticeable the American, with his easy, hasty rush; and the German, with his laboured, minute scrutiny. But have you not had your compensation in the occasional companionship of the great men and women of literature? You do not remember Walter Scott, who left his name upon the window-pane, nor Lord Byron, who scrawled his upon the wall; but you have seen Thackeray and Dickens, and, more recently, Browning and Tennyson, and, indeed, every famous man of letters in our time. It was but the other day that you described to me Tennyson's last visit—how a year ago the Laureate came into the little room with his son and hunted everywhere for the signature he had written thirty years before, only to find that it had disappeared.

Joseph Skipsey.

When the Misses Chataway decided to retire from their post, the committee to whose charge the "Shakspere House" is entrusted put an advertisement in the *Athenæum*—only one advertisement—but it brought more than a hundred answers, including one from an impecunious Baronet. Yet the post is worth only £100 per annum and house rent. I am glad to note the successful candidature of Mr. Joseph Skipsey, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Skipsey is a poet who commenced to earn his living at seven years of age by working in a coal-mine, and this dismal career he followed for more than forty years. Latterly he has been the caretaker of a Board school. His volume entitled "Carols, Songs, and Ballads" contains much poetry of genuine worth. Mr. Skipsey will prove an ideal custodian of Shakspere's birthplace.

The Stratford Portrait.

The most important exhibit in Shakspere's house is the Stratford portrait of the poet. Its authenticity is not very assured, but neither is that of the Chandos, the Droeshout, or the Jansen portrait. I am inclined to believe in the Stratford portrait because it bears more resemblance than any other to the bust in the church, and also because it gives external evidence that it is, more than any other, the portrait of a man who knew much of country life. However, alike in discussing the portraits as in wellnigh every other point in connection with Shakspere we are on very uncertain ground. There is really no sufficient evidence that Shakspere was actually born in the house I have been discussing, and even if he were, the cellar alone is as it was in the poet's day.



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

But there is one relic of Shakspere's life which really does seem like a breath out of the olden time, and that is Anne Hathaway's cottage. It is about a mile from Stratford, and one gets to it by a walk across the fields. Its charming rusticity must be much as it was in the day when the poet wooed his wife here. In it we can see many a relic which may well date back for more than 300 years, including an antique bedstead and some fine homespun sheets of everlasting linen. Then the garden with its ancient well, and its abundance of old-fashioned flowers, is itself an inspiration, to say nothing of good old Mrs. Baker, the last descendant of the Hathaway family, who gives the visitor a spray of jessamine or some other floral memento to recall when far away his wellnigh unrivalled experience.

The Town of Stratford.

Perhaps there is, however, one experience which awes one even more than the visit to Shottery. It is to enter Stratford in the evening coming by road from Warwick. After a visit to the ruins of Kenilworth and to Warwick Castle one is able, in some measure, to realise the feudal influences which came to our dramatist in his early years. Then the road from Warwick to Stratford is one of the pleasantest in England. As one approaches the bridge over the Avon one passes Charlescote Park, famous for the legend of Shakspere's deer-stealing and Sir Thomas Lucy's vengeance. The park is still crowded with deer, and, as if to keep up the illusion, it is still owned by a Lucy—a descendant of Sir Thomas. One has but to enter the town on a summer evening close on eight o'clock, and the illusion is complete, for the curfew tolls just as it did in Shakspere's day. I have no space to say aught of the picturesque church, with its tombs of the poet and his family, or of the Memorial Theatre, the one incongruous feature in the old-fashioned town, and which people of taste cannot but wish elsewhere. I will only ask my readers to visit Stratford if they can—and Warwick and Kenilworth. The experience is of incalculable value.

Shakspere's Works.

But I must not forget that some of us cannot find time or money to go to the poet's birthplace, nor that some who do very rarely read the poet. Now, it is of much more importance to be familiar with Shakspere's works than it is to visit his grave. To know Shakspere's best tragedies and comedies is to have become possessed of some of the highest of intellectual joys. It is generally assumed that every house in England boasts a copy of the Bible and of Shakspere's plays. Now, I believe that this is a pure fiction. If you should want a copy of Shakspere's works, let me recommend the "Leopold Shakspere," published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. at three shillings and sixpence. It is, undoubtedly, the cheapest book ever published, and, indeed, Dr. Furnivall's interesting "Introduction" is alone worth the money. TATLER.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Her Majesty left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon for Windsor Castle. The Queen stays at Windsor for a fortnight, and then proceeds to Osborne.

Royal Ascot week had a charming finish, says the *Daily Telegraph*, in the Prince and Princess of Wales's picnic at Virginia Water. The Princess, accompanied by her daughters, Princesses Louise and Victoria, was early on the scene last Saturday. They lunched at the Fishing Cottage, her Royal Highness wearing a smart bluish-white rowing suit with a black hat. The Prince of Wales arrived later. His Royal Highness, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Lord Clonmell, and Mr. Christopher Sykes drove from Sunningdale, in the Earl of Fife's coach, to the Cavalry Barracks at Windsor, there to view the cricket-match between the 1st Life Guards and I Zingari. This game was still in progress when the Royal party left for Virginia Water, where they arrived shortly after six o'clock, and joined the Princess and her daughters, Prince and Princess Christian, and the other ladies and gentlemen who have been staying at Sunningdale.

The Marchioness of Salisbury held a brilliant reception at the Foreign Office on Monday night. As on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday, the grand staircase and State apartments were most beautifully adorned with flowers. The string-band of the Royal Engineers, stationed in the corridor, and that of the Royal Artillery near the Conference Room, played alternately throughout the night.

Things are still in uncertainty on the Continent, and the prospect of a war in Eastern Europe is by no means at an end. The Emperor of Austria has been making a speech, in which he refers to "the extraordinary exigencies of the situation," and calls for an extension of the armaments of the dual Empire. It is from the unsettled condition of Servia that the danger comes.

Meanwhile, a dispute has taken place between Germany and Switzerland as to the right of asylum in the latter country. Hitherto Switzerland has well-nigh rivalled England as a home for political outcasts. Prince Bismarck wants to have his own agents to keep an eye on German refugees in Switzerland, and this the Swiss Government naturally declines. But the breeze is over for the moment.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was at the beginning of the week confined to his bed with a severe cold, the result of a chill caught on Whit Monday. The downpour of rain on that day gave him a soaking as he was busy with several out-door political and social gatherings at Leamington.

The Duke of Cambridge is to figure in the law courts after all. Mr. Simms, the journalist who applied for a summons against the Commander-in-Chief for assault committed at the Fire Brigade Celebration, carried his case to the Queen's Bench, and the Lord Chief Justice ruled that the Magistrate was at fault, adding that "It must be understood that before the law all subjects of the Queen are equal." American and Canadian papers have fallen into a common error, and concluded that the Mr. Simms who collided with the Duke is the famous dramatist and poet, Mr. George R. Sims; and Transatlantic editors have accordingly waxed eloquent at the expense of the Commander-in-Chief.

Fits.—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to Mr. Williams, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, London. He will send you gratis full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[Advt.]

It may, accordingly, be as well to repeat that the personage who is bringing his action against his Royal Highness is a young journalist named Mr. Edward Simms, jun., who is not related at all to "Dagonet."

All London has been electrified by the statement of the Prince of Wales, whilst presiding over the Damien Memorial Committee, that "there is at this moment a leper, with his hands distinctly infected by the disease, engaged in his business in one of the London meat-markets." The vegetarians were jubilant, forgetful that there might be another employed at Covent-garden; and the salesmen of the Smithfield Market were indignant. However, it turns out that H.R.H. was right after all. It appears that Yoxall—that is the man's name—plied his calling in the East-End. He is at present detained in the Whitechapel Infirmary. The Prince has sent a cheque for his relief.

The Government has decided to abandon the Sugar Convention Bill for the Session, and confine itself practically to the Irish Drainage Bills and the Scotch Local Government Bills. The Board of Agriculture Bill passed through Committee of the House of Commons on Monday. It adds another Minister to the Government, who is to be called the President of the Board of Agriculture.

The Marquis of Salisbury has again made his agricultural tenants a reduction of fifteen per cent on their half-year's rent, being the same amount that he has allowed them on several previous successive occasions.

It is a long lane that has no turning. It is said that the Parnell Commission will conclude in about a fortnight. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Russell has a throat complaint which has necessitated the attendance of Sir Morell Mackenzie. Anyone who has seen the bulky volume containing his great speech, will not be surprised that the brilliant counsel's voice is in a bad way. The additional strain caused by the not infrequent cry of "Two to one—bar one" at race meetings possibly contributed the finishing touch.

From information which has come into the hands of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, it seems clear that the farmers are likely to have a really splendid year. In many counties the hay harvest is already practically over, a magnificent breadth having been secured; while the corn crops are making rapid and sturdy growth. Even the root crops, which are often not good in a favourable wheat year, have been provided for by the abundant rainfall of the early spring.

The Royal family of England is about to be allied in marriage with a gamekeeper in the forest of Dognaiska, in Hungary. This will come about through the forthcoming union of Lieutenant Joseph Loisinger, brother of Countess Hartenau, otherwise Princess Alexander of Battenberg, with Mdlle. Louise Kopek, daughter of the head gamekeeper in the forest of Dognaiska. The relationship is not, however, a very close one. It can be arrived at by remembering that Prince Alexander of Battenberg is the brother of a son-in-law and a grandson of the Queen.

The Coroner's jury in connection with the Armagh railway disaster found a verdict of culpable negligence against six of the railway employés.

A Bill has been introduced into the New York State Legislature to sanction the necessary works for utilising the Niagara Falls as a source of power for the purposes of electric lighting. It has been calculated that the effective force of the Niagara Falls which could be turned to account is sufficient to furnish the motor power for the machinery of the civilised world. Already the electricity needed for over 3000 telephones, in several of the cities of New York State, is supplied from a well near the Falls.

Miss Maud Harrison, a popular American actress who has just arrived in London, pronounces the city "just lovely; the bustle of the streets," she says, "why, I never saw anything like it before. And those great omnibuses. I think it is so nice to ride on top of them and see the sights. I would much rather ride around in that democratic sort of way than in a carriage. I'm just like a child here—going about with my eyes wide open—there's so much to see that is new and strange to me."

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a maxim now somewhat out of date. But it triumphed on Friday week before the Chester Magistrates. The head-master of the King Henry VIII.'s Grammar School, the Rev. Charles Felto, was charged with unduly beating Horace Smith. Medical evidence was given showing that considerable violence must have been used. The defence was that Smith was grossly insubordinate. The Magistrates dismissed the case.

A lamentable incident at Woolwich has proved only too decisively that it is possible to execute criminals by electricity, as the New York authorities propose. An inquest was held there on June 20 upon one John Conolly, who was killed by an electric shock at Siemens' Telegraph Works, Charlton. He was put to mind an engine in the electric light room. It appears that, albeit a telegraphist by trade, he got meddling, through curiosity, with one of Sir William Thomson's volt meters, used in the room for measuring the energy of a dynamo. The moment he touched it he fell dead on the floor, the current passing in at his left hand and coming out at the right, and leaving small orifices in each palm.

A young man who had quarrelled with his mother-in-law in Buenos Ayres revenged himself by putting an advertisement into the papers, "A domesticated crocodile for sale," and hundreds of people called at the old lady's house, and made bids for the animal.

Another point for the opponents of Women's Suffrage. In America there is said to be a growing disinclination to employ women as clerks. It is said that they want more frequent holidays than men, and, in general, much more attention.

Mrs. David Ferguson, a brave Scotch lady of Mauchline, has had a narrow escape. A bull knocked her down, tossed over the hedge a child she was nursing, and again attacked her. Getting the bull by the horns, she managed twice to regain her feet, but was knocked down for the third time. Two men, who had heard her cries for help, arrived on the scene in time to effect her rescue. She was then quite exhausted.

It is said that the Indian half-breed who eloped from Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" Camp at Neuilly, Paris, on June 20, with the wife of a wealthy French nobleman, arrived in London on Sunday morning. The outraged husband, who is on their track, arrived at Charing-cross at night in hot pursuit. Their destination is said to be America. The wife succeeded in securing all her jewellery, personal property, and several millions of francs in convertable securities "to the bearer." The couple propose to "Go West," buy a ranche, and settle in Columbia, where the Indian came from.

On Saturday evening last a youth named Edwards, aged fifteen, who was on a visit from London, was drowned while bathing in the river Ouse at Stantonbury, near Wolverton, Bucks. The deceased was staying with his uncle, Mr. David Edwards, and accompanied his uncle and two friends to the river. The uncle and another member of the party swam up the river, leaving the deceased and another lad playing in the water against the bank. The deceased could not swim, and missing his hold of the bank sank into deep water. His uncle was soon on the spot and made unavailing attempts to recover the body. Drags were fetched from the village, and after some time the body was brought to the bank. The youth who was left with Edwards had a narrow escape, as Edwards caught him by the leg while struggling, and neither could swim.

A number of charitable people in the neighbourhood of Johnstown were willing to adopt the many orphaned and homeless children caused by the flood; but upon inquiry it was learned that no children were left. With the exception of the few who were saved while there was yet time, they all perished in the flood; and, so far as is known, only one child has been adopted. There could be no more pathetic proof of the terrible suddenness and completeness of this unexampled calamity.

There are, on the authority of Dr. Barnardo, 163,000 families in London living in single rooms.

The trial of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who stands charged with the wilful murder of her husband, Mr. James Maybrick, by administering poison to him, will take place at the ensuing Liverpool Assizes about the end of next month. Mr. John Addison, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. W. R. M'Connell will prosecute on behalf of the Crown; and it is understood that Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Pickford, and Mr. Devey will be the counsel for the prisoner.

Mr. Biggar has laid the venue of his action for libel against the London *Evening News* and Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son in Manchester. He claims £5000 damages from the paper and £5,0 from the newsvending firm. The libel complained of consisted in the publication of a placard on the day of Mr. Biggar's examination before the Commission, when he was described in the words, "Mr. Biggar as an Invincible."

The New South Wales Assembly has at last forced a Payment of Members Bill upon the Government. They are go-ahead people in the Colonies, half the questions which disturb the minds of English reformers having long since been settled at the Antipodes.

The people in the United States use annually about seven post-cards for every man, woman, and child. What a lot of Grand Old Men they must have across the Atlantic!

Lord Herschell presided at the dinner of the Imperial Federation League, at St. James's Hall, last Saturday. Sir William Jervois (late Governor of New Zealand) and Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for Canada, were amongst the speakers on the occasion. They asked Dr. Hannay, the eminent Nonconformist divine, to propose a toast, as the reverend gentleman has just returned from a lengthy visit to Australia; but Dr. Hannay came home persuaded that Imperial Federation was the very last thing which was wanted by our brethren at the Antipodes.

Does farming pay in England? Not always. A farm in the Isle of Ely, which cost £10,000 about fifteen years ago, and on which £3000 has since been expended, was sold last week at Wisbech for £3850.

The price of stays has risen in Brazil—so the *Newcastle Chronicle* assures us—the fact being due to the recent emancipation of the slaves. Now that they are free, the negresses are determined to imitate the whites of their own sex and put their ribs in bondage. They are taking to the corset and tight-lacing, which they were not suffered to take to before.

A lady who has been travelling in Mexico has seen a sight which (she says) recalls the Dark Ages:—"A woman with a burden of eighty pounds strapped on her back, being driven with three donkeys, also heavily burdened, along the dusty street." She adds that "the lord and master complacently walked down the side-walk, carrying no greater burden than a heavy whip, which he snapped from time to time over the back of the woman and the [other] donkeys to make them go faster."

Alec Burns, the prize-fighter, is a brother of John Burns, Socialist and County Councillor. John has also a fine physique, but it is accompanied by an immense amount of intellectual energy and humanitarian zeal. John wants to lift people up, Alec likes to knock them down.

Australian working-men rejoice in the possession of an eight hours' working-day, unaffected by Parliamentary interference. This is general throughout the Colonies, and dates back to the early gold-digging days, when money was plentiful and men independent. It is celebrated annually by banners and bands. The Melbourne workmen held their demonstration a little time back, and the members of the various trade societies marched in procession through the streets, the whole route being densely packed with sightseers and gay with bunting.

If the fervid fanatics and faith-healers of Bethshan (Drayton-park, North London) are to be believed, we must all of us set our houses in order. They say that there are to be only seven more Derby and Oaks races, then universal smash, and in 1901 the Millennium.

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

The Racing World

Sporting Actions.

We have been spared another sporting action at law, as Mr. Abington and his ex-trainer, Gurry, have settled their differences out of court. The influences to bring about this satisfactory termination to a big dispute were Mr. Robert Peck and a cheque for something like £7000.

Mr. Abington must be getting quite accustomed to anticipating the result of actions brought against him, and, if rumour speaks truth, may shortly add to the list of occasions on which he has agreed with his adversary while in the way with him.

Pray do not let me be understood that if he did not he might not get the best of the legal fighting, but would be delivered over, &c. The good-natured gentleman rider with the long purse has been known to disburse rather more than the uttermost farthing a British jury would award in its most liberal mood regarding (other people's) money.

Ascot Reflections.

We hear a great deal as to want of class among thoroughbreds seen out at Ascot. Certainly, no good judge would call them good, with the exception, perhaps, of two two-year-olds and two threes—Surefoot and Semolina of the former age, and Donovan and Amphion of the second-season racers.

Amphion and the Duke of Portland's champion money-getter are not likely to meet this year. Between the latter and others of the same age is so wide an interval in form that, barring accidents, Donovan is sure to go through the year without another defeat. Odds of 6 to 4 are already laid on the Derby winner's adding the Doncaster St. Leger to his list of wins.

In anticipating that takers of these odds will have the worst of the settling, supposing that Donovan keeps all right and that he will steer clear of defeat. I do so in the belief that Chitabob will not stand training for the Sellinger. The public were repeatedly hoodwinked about Mr. Perkins's once flying colt while he was pottering about, supposed to be undergoing a Derby preparation. All this while training reporters represented him as doing good work, while in fact he did no more than I say, viz.—potter.

We shall not know till 1890 whether Surefoot, Semolina, and others who have yet to make their début, are of first quality or only moderate two-year-olds, owing their places to contemporaries being so very bad.

I incline to the opinion that this is a

Good Year for Youngsters,

seeing that we progress by stages in which early victors have found conquerors and these, in turn, met defeat. If it had not been for Surefoot Heaume might have been a Derby winter favourite. Mr. A. W. Merry's colt will probably beat Semolina later in the season and all that finished behind him last week.

We must not jump at the conclusion that he will wind up *the* two-year-old of 1889, because whole regiments of promising youngsters are being gradually brought forward for the later engagements. Almost every year we find that some of the best new goods have been kept to the last, though now and again we have a Donovan who begins by winning at Lincoln and winds up at the head of the list.

Were it not that life is too short for looking over answers to such puzzles, I would offer a prize for the student of public form who most nearly contrived to reconcile the Manchester Cup form with the Ascot running. Lord Lorne, Trayles, and Cotillon can apparently make a difference of about 28 lb. among them, accordingly as they are suited or unsuited by a few yards more or less, the course, or a few degrees of temperature, or dryness or humidity.

A good subject for another competition would be to put the Newmarket and Epsom three-year-old form straight, as it may be read by the light of Miguel, Morglay, Gulliver, and Pioneer's exhibitions. I may add that the prize-winner and some of the other competitors would also probably make good subjects for treatment in a lunatic asylum.

While Major Egerton was giving his evidence before the Chetwynd-Durham Jockey Club Commission it would have been interesting to ask him what were his

Views of Starters,

as calculated to upset a handicapper's work. Lord Marcus's deliverances concerning jockeys who are over-eager to get off the mark would, no doubt, have been entertaining.

We have not heard any official complaint against Blake, who won the Hunt Cup on Whitelegs directly the flag fell, or Peake, who had Bret Harte thirty yards ahead in the first hundred yards of the Wokingham Stakes; but they certainly were very lucky little jockeys with their mounts to get about a stone taken off their weight, that is to say, an equivalent of that value, in starting so much better than their fellows.

History repeated itself in the Alexandra Plate as well as—well, Veracity. The latter in 1888 and 1889 was placed for the Hunt Cup and Wokingham. For the Alexandra Plate and Gold Cup Jewitt in last and this year trained the winner. Timothy was Trayles' predecessor. Trayles is, I believe, the name of a village away up north, on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire I think, and is locally pronounced Tray-less, a word of two accentuated syllables. Practically, this is the ordinary method of the natives of those parts. Bates is Ba-tes with them, and so on.

Trayles, or Tray-les, may have turned the luck of Mr. Warren De la Rue, who started as an owner as plain Mr. Warren. He wanted a turn, for nearly all the luck he had previously was very bad. If I recollect right, when Mr. Warren, or De la Rue, began to race as an owner he laid down for himself a scheme under which he restricted his expenses to a fixed sum. A very considerable sum it was; but, as he had spent over £30,000 up to Ascot, he must shortly have given trial to the strength of his resolution to go so far and no farther in what is occasionally a terribly expensive and disappointing amusement.

Worms in Children.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—Write for Illustrated Guide, post-free. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11, Beech-street, London, E.C. Manager, H. Myers.—[Advt.]

Not very many southern bookmakers or backers cared to make the tedious journey to

Newcastle-on-Tyne

to assist at the Northumberland Plate. Old stagers have arrived at shyness after being not only bitten but often robbed; unless, that is, said old stagers were the biters and robbers. Later developments in the sporting ranks soon have had enough of the vastly overrated affair. The coming race of turfites are so discouraged by their elders' form, that from the South Countree contributions to the Northumberland Plate crowd grow annually less. Neither is it so popular among what may be fairly styled its own folk as might be. The Geordies, who would not for a week's wages miss a North Plate, and could put away quarts of whisky and gallons of beer while discussing merits of past heroes or heroines, or current competitors for the Cup, were bitterly incensed when the races were shifted from the Town Moor to Gosforth Park, and, at the same time, became subject to gate charges, instead of free to all who liked to walk on the Moor, if they did not want to go into the rings or stands.

Gosforth Park Company have a much better establishment on modern lines, while racing accessories on the old course were of the oldest of old fashions. But the Gosforth is some miles out from the newly-made city, and getting there costs the price of plenty of beer, ham, and hard-boiled eggs. The gate-fee walks off with the bit of silver with which the colliers and puddlers would like to have a bet. Geordie never did take kindly to the change of quarters, and never will. Is it in the nature of things that he will? Nothing survives of the North Plate except its evil traditions for roping, pulling, all the little moves and dodges to which Mr. Lowther and brother arbitrators object so strenuously.

Windsor's Two Days

might have been more profitable if the weather had promised better. Uncertainty on the score of wet tells most on the bucolic classes, whom one would expect to be most indifferent to sun or shine. Hundreds of the Jubilee Agricultural Show visitors and others having business in the park found themselves helping to swell Miss Fraill's receipts on the Rays, though, of course, they had not the slightest intention of forsaking the live, dead, and other exhibits.

The show turned out fortunately for the lessees of the course; but caused much groaning among the regular patrons of the meeting, for do all that the South-Western and Great Western Railways might the traffic brought by the two attractions could only be disposed of in time. How they managed to get the people in and out of the place at all, even with relief stations at Datchet, and other special dodges, is a mystery.

Sandown's First Summer Meeting

is always one of the most pleasant fixtures, though perhaps not now quite so swagger as that which immediately preceded Goodwood. Strenuous efforts were made by the club and company to get their old three days, but the Jockey Club were inexorable, and, disregarding petitions from the racing public, lopped off the Saturday, and located the meeting a week earlier than its former dates.

Still, whether a week earlier or later about midsummer does not make so very much difference in the glories of the reunion, which must severely tax the pocket of the paterfamilias whose women folk insist on going racing between Ascot and Goodwood.

Warne, I am glad to see, has been permitted to resume operations in the saddle. Let us hope that, after having it out before the stewards, he and Lord Marcus Beresford may establish a better understanding than existed *ante bellum*—a skirmish in which the jockey was bound to get so much the worst of the punishment.

Danbydale's backers for the Ascot Royal Hunt Cup have not yet ceased lamenting that the favourite did not get off with the rest. Regarding that remainder, it is worth while recording that George Chaloner was not the only jockey who could not believe that the order to be off was issued. Calder, who rode Veracity, and Fagan, on Toscano, shared poor little Chaloner's misapprehension.

The World of Pastime

Cambridge

added strong confirmation to my predilection for their chance against Oxford by their play, and especially by their victory over Sussex, which county they defeated last Saturday by ten wickets. They went in against a first innings by their opponents of 316 and yet made 430, which says much for their confidence.

The success of Ford, Mordaunt, and De Little in the bowling department augurs very well indeed for the Light Blues' success, for, although Woods did not come off against Sussex, he is, after all, the bowler most to be depended upon. Thus we see Cambridge with four efficient bowlers.

Oxford's

greatest weakness is undoubtedly in the bowling. Against the same bowling and under similar conditions the Dark Blue batsmen would probably make nearly (not quite, I think) as many runs as their rivals, but the Light Blue "trundlers" turn the scale very decisively, and we do not suppose that an F. C. Cobden will appear from the skies as happened in 1870.

My Cricket Notes

would not be complete without a reference to the splendid victory of last week of Middlesex over Yorkshire. Every element was present to make such a victory highly sensational. Middlesex went in to make the, at any time, formidable score of 280; but they had only 3h. 35 min., or nearly eighty runs an hour, sixty being considered fast work. But this was nothing to what followed, as at 5.10 there were still 180 runs wanting, and only 1h. 50 min. to make them in—an apparent impossibility. Then Mr. O'Brien came in, and came in to hit. Mr. Nepean caught the fever, and runs came with great rapidity; but Mr. Nepean was caught out and ninety-eight runs had still to be made in 55 min. Then eighty were wanted in 45 min., and, wonderful to tell, Mr. O'Brien and G. F. Vernon made them in *thirty-five* minutes. Mr. O'Brien carried out his bat for 100, he having accomplished an achievement without parallel in the cricket-field. Mr. Vernon was not out 30. Until he went to Oxford Mr. O'Brien could never get in the Middlesex team.

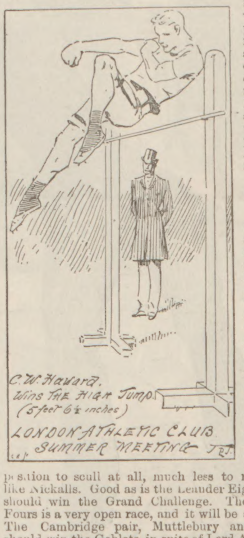
LONDON ATHLETIC MEETING AT STAMFORD-BRIDGE.

The London Athletic Club

meeting at Stamford-bridge on Saturday last was noticeable for the selectness of its company. I mean in class, and not in numbers, for the grand stand was full of ladies, whilst the "Mound" was occupied by a large party of the Thames Hare and Hounds and friends. Our lightning artist was "all there." The Veterans' 150 Yards had a big entry, but at the last moment several decided not to start. The handicapping was decidedly eccentric, and a long-start man (P. J. Burt) won in impossible time for anyone else. Three of the competitors broke down, and C. L. Lockton, scratch, was fourth. E. H. Pelling wrested the 100 Yards Cup from J. D. Bassett, and ran well in the 100 Yards Handicap, which he won from scratch, and must have won better still if he had adopted a common-sense method of starting, instead of stooping with a hand on the ground. The Mile Members' Cycle Race, which we also illustrate, produced seven starters, and was won easily by A. S. Collings, 150 yards start.

Amateur Athletic Championships.

For the sake of to-day's championships at Stamford-bridge it is to be hoped that F. J. K. Cross has not broken down badly. He could not run on Saturday for this reason. It seems probable that G. L. Stones will win the pole-jump if he tries, as on Saturday he equalled his record of 11 ft. 8 in. at the Scottish Championship Athletic meeting.



Henley Regatta.

There is but little to add to my remarks about Henley Regatta, to take place next week, on July 3, 4, and 5. Nickalls will have practically no opposition whatever in the Diamonds, Psotta being ill, and not in a position to scull at all, much less to meet a man like Nickalls. Good as is the Leander Eight, Thames should win the Grand Challenge. The Stewards' Fours is a very open race, and it will be a good one. The Cambridge pair, Muttlebury and Gardner, should win the Goblets, in spite of Lord Ampthill and Nickalls. The Thames Cup will not go to the club of that name, nor will, we think, the Wyfolds, unless great improvement sets in, which is, of course, always possible.

Socially, Henley will be "prodigious," and the Thames Conservancy and the Regatta Committee are doing all that foresight can do to ensure the happy issue of everything. In spite of the Shah and other important affairs, the Prince of Wales may be hoped for on one day of the three, but certainly not oftener. The course would have to be twice its length to accommodate all the house-boats and launches that have applied for positions. Crowding of the finish by small boats will this year be prevented by the extension of the row of piles beyond the winning-line.

The Lawn-Tennis Championship

meeting commences on Monday, and the defeat of the Brothers Renshaw, in Dublin, by W. J. Hamilton, will lend it even greater interest than usual. The play of the Renshaws in doubles since the Irish meeting may not seem encouraging, but I do not anticipate that they will be very easily defeated at Wimbledon, either single-handed or in combination. It can fearlessly be said that only W. J. Hamilton and the Renshaws have any chance for the single-handed championship, and Miss L. Dod for the ladies' championship. That any pair can be found to beat the Renshaws at doubles, if they are at their best, I do not believe. This contest is not due until Tuesday in the following week.

Irish Lawn-Tennis Champion.

On Saturday W. J. Hamilton won the Northern Championship for the second time, so he is now Lawn-Tennis Champion of Ireland, Wales, and the North of England. Some doubt is expressed as to his ability to get away for Wimbledon, and his absence would be a very regrettable circumstance. The Welsh, Scottish, and Northern Championships are all held by Irishmen, and the West of England Ladies' Championship by an Irish lady.

BANSHEE.

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

TRAGEDY OF A LONDON MUSIC-HALL: THE ASSASSINATION BY CURRAGH OF LETINE, THE CYCLIST, OUTSIDE THE CANTERBURY.

It is a very sad story that our Artist is able to illustrate with the aid of Mr. Richard Warner, the well-known music-hall agent—we refer to the story of real life one phase of which closed so tragically on Friday evening, June 21.

George Thomas Gorin,

whose death at the hands of Nathaniel Curragh would seem to have been the result of a terrible misunderstanding, was a married man, thirty-six years of age, without children. For fifteen or sixteen years he has been known in the music-hall profession as a stage bicyclist, and latterly as the chief of the

"Wondrous Letine Troupe" of Cycle-riders.

The members of the troupe are of both sexes, and the youngest is a child of five or six, who, however, seldom takes part in evening performances.

The troupe is recruited from time to time by additions, generally from abroad. Mr. Gorin himself was English, but he married a Hungarian lady four years ago. In 1887, if the story published by Mrs. Fawcett is to be accepted, an advertisement asking for children to be trained as acrobats was inserted in a newspaper, which attracted the notice of a girl of thirteen, the daughter of a working-man employed at some waterworks in Kent. This man, it now appears, was

Nathaniel Curragh,

manager of the waterworks at Crayford, and bearing an irreproachable character. Curragh was a widower, his wife having died in 1886, leaving him with four daughters and a son; but he has since remarried. Beatrice, the third child, described as of robust and athletic frame, had seen some acrobats at a travelling circus, and when she read the advertisement she answered it secretly, in the hope of becoming an acrobat herself. Her father's consent was afterwards reluctantly obtained, and accordingly she was

Apprenticed to the Letine Troupe,

under whose auspices she appeared in public as a bicyclist. Inquiry into her relations with the company has disclosed a painful state of affairs. Her former employer is dead, and his wife is distraught with grief; but their friends, and those who are in a position to know, affirm that Beatrice Curragh never had cause for complaint. She travelled with the troupe to the Continent and to various parts of England, and in April, 1888, she was at Cardiff, her sister Gertrude Rose Curragh being at that time with her. Rose occasionally took part in the performances. The girl Beatrice began to develop consumption, and on her return to town (again to quote Mrs. Fawcett's account) she was found to be suffering "from an enlargement of the heart with an acute attack of bronchitis, and was in a very emaciated condition." It is true that at Cardiff a charge was preferred against the Letines by Beatrice Curragh, who applied for a summons on Oct. 8, alleging that on the previous April 9 she had been beaten by the defendant in the borough of Cardiff; but in this instance (as in a former case) the accusation fell to the ground for want of proof, the Magistrate dismissing the summons When Beatrice left the troupe she became gradually worse in health: she

Succumbed to Consumption

in the late autumn. This fact, coupled with litigation, preyed upon the father's mind, and he seems to have nursed a revengeful feeling against Letine, believing him to have been responsible for the circumstances which led to his daughter's death. Observers state that he had haunted the vicinity of the Canterbury Music-Hall, in Lambeth Marsh, making inquiries at a public-house and a dairyman's as to the time the Letine troupe usually arrived. It has transpired that he was first seen by a lamp-cleaner at the music-hall as early as 9 a.m. on the Friday morning; and he was subsequently seen at frequent intervals during the day, and that he asked the time the Letine troupe would appear. It was apparently very well known to him that the Letines since Whitsuntide had been engaged at the Paragon, in Mile-End, and he probably learned that the troupe also did a "turn" later in the evening at the Canterbury, but was ignorant of the exact hour. Their custom was to drive in a private omnibus from the eastern to the southern music-hall, the company consisting of five members, including two ladies and two girls.

At about five minutes to eleven the 'bus was driven to the stage-door in the side street beneath the railway-arch. The ladies and child were handed out by Gorin, and went into the doorway. As the latter stood by the vehicle, still dressed in his tights and spangles, the man

Curragh came up to him,

and was overheard to remark, "I have been waiting for you a long time, and now I have got you." With that the hallkeeper saw something flash brightly, and Gorin staggered back, having received, as was afterwards discovered, two frightful gashes in the abdomen. He cried out, "I'm stabbed!" and moved to the horse's head, saying quickly to the coachman, "Catch him." The driver leaped from his box in time to support his master as he fell, and Mrs. Gorin, rushing forward, received her husband in her arms. The coachman declares that as he turned he saw Curragh quietly walk across the road—a dozen paces—without any attempt to escape, and stood looking on, but when he (the driver) approached him he first turned a revolver towards his pursuer and then reversed it, discharging the weapon in his mouth. The bag which had held the pistol was picked up close by, but the firearm was not found, and it is supposed to have been stolen by thieves who infest the locality.

The injured men had been conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where

Gorin Shortly Afterwards Expired,

whilst his murderer survived, the bullet having smashed the upper centre front teeth and lodged in the palate. The distressing scenes witnessed at the hospital can only be imagined. Mrs. Gorin, or as her professional friends called her, Letine, fell into a dead faint at the music-hall, the hospital, where she learned that her husband was dead. She remained in an hysterical condition for many hours, scarcely realising her loss. The family of Curragh was also much affected. The injured man's wife was permitted to see him on Saturday morning, before the bullet had been removed from the upper jaw by Mr. Croft, one of the senior surgeons. Mrs. Curragh afterwards stated that her husband had not been heard to threaten Gorin, but she confirmed the story as to the strained relations between the two men in consequence of the death of Beatrice.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD: PARIS.—[LETTER V.]

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The Paris Cabby

always comes to the front during exhibitions. He has been monopolising public attention in the newspapers for the last week or two. As usual during the Exhibition season, Messieurs les Cochers could come out on strike. They could not keep it up, as their meetings, demonstrations in the streets, visits to Ministers don't pay if indulged in to any extent, and the cochers have no money. They are not organised for strikes; so they have been obliged to resume work; but once that they have collected some funds they will very likely strike again. They like to show their power and leave Paris without conveyances for a day or two. Cabs are used in Paris much more than in London. One company alone owns upwards of

4000 Cabs.

Ordinarily the charges are very moderate—1½f. for a three-seated cab, and 2f. for one for four persons per drive, irrespective of the distance so long as it is within the fortifications. If taken by time the charge is 2f. per hour. In addition to this, cocher must have a tip. He usually receives 2½d., but has been known to turn up his nose at a larger sum. He is an interesting character this

Paris Jehu.

It has long since proclaimed war against the human race. His favourite amusement is running people down in the street. He generally pounces on old men and young children, perhaps because they have not the agility or the sense to get out of his way. And the worst of it is that he gets off scot-free. He is insured against accidents. Beware, then, of the omnipotent jehu and the juggernaut car. There is no blue-coated policeman to pilot cocher across the street. The policeman does as he likes. A policeman guards every dépôt, keeps a minute record of cocher's goings and comings, but in the street he has carte blanche. Another curious thing about the cocher is his love of dress. He always wears some sort of livery, with big buttons on his coat, and a stiff top hat, with a cockade on the side. He would like to be taken for a private turn-out. He maltreats his horses with impunity, and is the most unmerciful driver in the world.

The Paris Policeman

is another important individual, who is always seen in the street. Unlike the cocher, he is polite. He will not help you across the street, because it is not his business; but he will politely indicate the way for you. Write down the name of the street you want if you cannot speak French. Touch your hat as you approach and leave him. It is an act of politeness and deference which he appreciates and expects. Talking of the police, the detective naturally suggests itself to us in connection with the detective and the detective. The detective actually does take the pickpocket in Paris. When the Exhibition opened, gangs of international thieves made for Paris to practise their profession at the Exhibition; but the French system of detection has struck terror into them. A special corps of detectives are employed at the Exhibition. They disguise themselves perfectly, and are always in a crowd. Their object is to watch the pickpocket in the act, and they do it. Once in the hands of the French police

A Thief is always Recognised.

They do not detect old hands by means of photographs; but by the anthropometric system of measurement. They measure the head, hands, forearms, fingers, ears, nose, &c., of every one who passes through their hands, and classify their lists under different measurements. A thief always changes his names, he can disguise his appearance, but he cannot alter the form of his head. Picking pockets is an American institution, which was introduced into France some years ago, but owing to this system of detection, it is disappearing. Nevertheless, you should look after your watch in a crowd. The favourite plan of stealing watches and purses at the Exhibition, so far, is by cutting the pocket with a sharp knife. The police make short work of a thief when caught. His case is settled in the course of three days, and he is settled for at least five years.

Amusing Oneself in the Evening.

We shall suppose that you have escaped the Paris cocher and the detective—that you have neither been run down nor run in—and want to enjoy yourself at night. There is no end of theatres, circuses, dancing halls, café-concerts—cafés without the concerts and concerts without the cafés in Paris. If you want serious music you must go to the Grand Opéra, but seats are rather difficult to find. For comic opera go to the Opéra Comique, which was burned down not long since, and is now in the Place du Châtelet.

Here you have such pieces as "Carmen," "Mignon," and "The Daughter of the Regiment" with first-class actresses. For serious and classic drama go to the Théâtre Français, situated close to the Palais Royal. It is the first theatre in the world. Pieces by the best classical and modern dramatists—such as Molière, Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille, Augier, and Dumas—are always being played here, and it is not difficult to find seats if you go early. Prices from one franc upwards. The second Théâtre Français or the Odéon is on the south side of the river. All these four are national or State theatres.

Most of the other theatres are situated on the main Boulevards, which should certainly be visited during the evening. To the east of the Opéra will be found the Vaudeville (where Mdlle. Réjane, a favourite Parisian actress, was recently a great attraction as Lydia Garousse in "La Marquise"), Gymnase, Variétés, Porte-Saint-Martin (where Sarah Bernhardt plays when in Paris), Nouveautés, Folies Dramatiques, and La Renaissance. The charges for admission are from one franc upwards.

The best theatre for opera-bouffe is the Bouffes-Parisiens, in the Rue Monsigny. After

CABDRIVERS OF PARIS.—[DRAWN BY V. A. POIRSON.]

the theatres come the café-concerts. Those most frequented in the summer time are the

Al Fresco Concerts

among the trees in the Champs Elysées. The Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Eté are situated on the right, the Pavillon de l'Horloge on the left, and the Jardin de Paris behind the Palais de l'Industrie. So far as the performance is concerned, it is somewhat similar to that provided in an English music-hall, but the style is different. The music is cheery and sparkling; the songs are bright, short, and broad. It is pleasant to sit out-of-doors, among the trees, and the charges are not high if you go alone and remain so for the evening. There is usually no fixed charge for admission. It is posted in big letters outside that entrance is free (*entrée libre*); but you must not be taken in by that deceptive announcement. It is of little advantage to enter free if you are buttonholed by a waiter as soon as you put your foot inside, who makes you pay a franc for a drink worth twopence. The conditions are compulsory; you must drink or go. The drink is called a *consommation*. It would come to the same thing in the end if the announcement read, "Consommation, one franc; entrance free," but it is the reverse. The best café-concerts, in addition to those mentioned, are the Folies Bergères, the Bergère, La Scala, Boulevard de Strasbourg, and Ba-ta-clan, Boulevard Voltaire. A great attraction in Paris just now is Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," which is situated near Porte Maillot; but there is nothing Parisian about it except the people who go there. As Bill Cody, however, has been a great success, he deserves a place amongst the evening amusements. There are several

Good Circuses in Paris,

such as the Hippodrome, near the Pont de l'Alma; the Cirque d'Eté, in the Champs Elysées; and the Nouveau Cirque, in the Rue St. Honoré. The latter is the best just now, when the arena is transformed into a pond every night for an amusing aquatic pantomime. Perhaps the visitor would like to get a peep at a real Parisian ball. The best noted are the Montmartre, 80, Boulevard Rochechouart, called the Bal du High Life—pronounced in French "eeg leef"—with dances every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, admission, 1f.; the Tivoli Vauxhall, 12, Rue de la Douane, every evening, admission Wednesday and Saturday, 2f., other nights 1f. Another, and perhaps the best known, is the Bal Bullier, near the Observatoire, in the students' quarter, where there are dances every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Women are allowed to enter these halls free, and they generally remain so, especially with other people's money if they can get a foreign greenhorn to sit down at a table with them. There are always police present to maintain order and a certain amount of propriety.

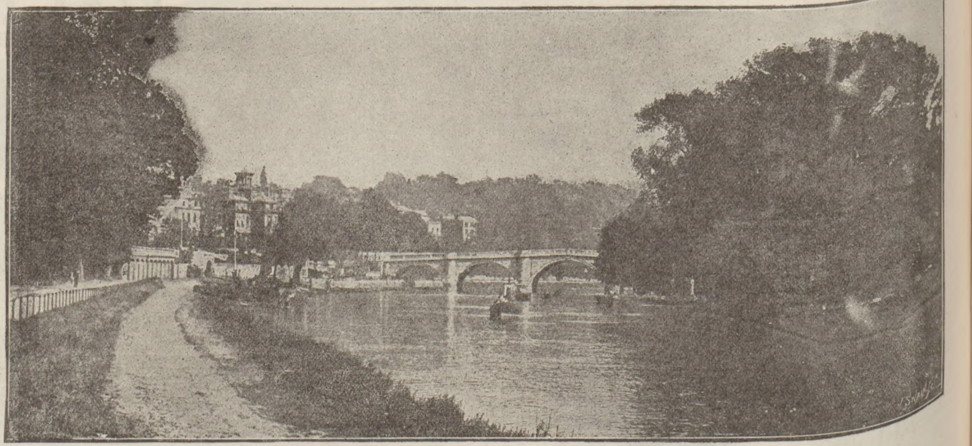
CYCLE & CAMERA

If the ride to Ripley and back is the Londoner's best one-day's run, the ride to Oxford and back is his most beautiful two-days' tour. If you have a couple of days to spare, you could not turn them to better advantage than by making this journey. Unfortunately, it cannot be done in less time, unless you train it one way.

This it would be a pity to do, as you can go and come by different routes, both equally fine. Thus, for example, riding to Oxford, you can follow the road through Hampton Court, Staines, Windsor, Reading, Streatley, Wallingford, Abingdon; while for the return journey you could pass through Dorchester, dear old Henley, Maidenhead, Colnbrook, Hounslow. I cannot undertake to give exact distances here; but you can easily make them out for yourself by consulting a good map of the environs of London. The longest of these two routes is very little over seventy miles. If you are anything of a rider you ought to be able to manage it for the sake of the beauty of the road.

I take it for granted you care quite as much for what you pass by the way when you ride, as for scorching; if you do not, you have not yet learned the true and greatest pleasure of cycling. You could not the world over find another road where there would be so much to see in the same distance.

It would be impossible to do justice to it in illustrations unless I had pages at my disposal. But I have selected the two photographs which are here reproduced because they give some small idea of, not only its beauty, but its variety.



DELIGHTFUL RIVERSIDE ROUTE FOR CYCLISTS: THE THAMES AT RICHMOND.

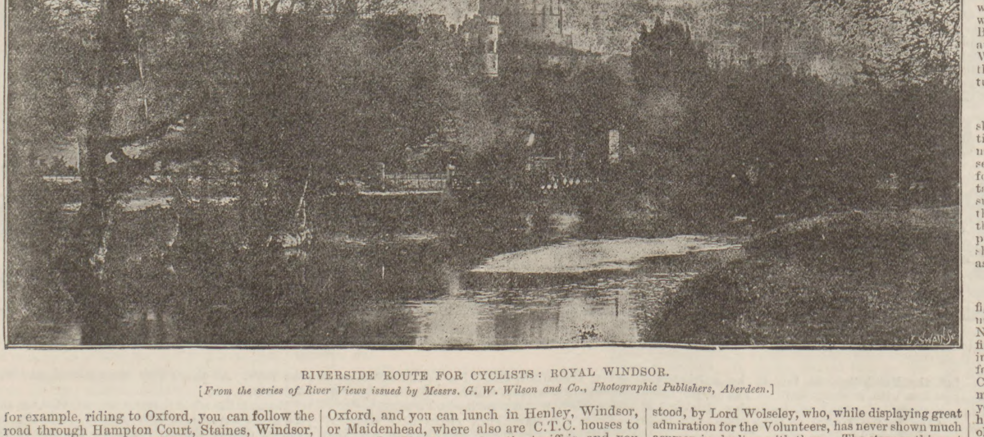
[*Reproduced by permission of Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Photographic Publishers, Aberdeen.*]

If you have been going to Richmond on Sunday afternoons all your life, perhaps you do not really know how beautiful it is. But take a stranger there for the first time, as I did last Sunday, and stand with him a while on the terrace, and then on the bridge, and you will begin to appreciate the fact that you need not go abroad in search of beautiful scenery. And all the way to Oxford the road keeps coming out on the river, where the foliage is as rich, the water as gay—or gayer—with boats, a bridge, crossing from one side to the other, as picturesque.

Of course, there is but one Windsor; but how many roads have their Windsor! Few buildings in Great Britain are finer and more impressive, and if you are wise you will eat your lunch under the shadow of the castle.

Again, there is but one Oxford; but what a wonderful place it is for your journey's goal, with all your long summer evening to devote to wandering about the colleges! After all, the enjoyment beauty of this kind gives should be the end to which cycling is but the means.

So much is said about the extravagance of Thames-side inns that one hesitates to make this journey either by land or water. But if you are a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club—as you ought to be—you can go to the C.T.C. house in Oxford, and you can lunch in Henley, Windsor, or Maidenhead, where also are C.T.C. houses to be found. You know what the tariff is, and you can therefore calculate the exact cost of your two days' outing.



RIVERSIDE ROUTE FOR CYCLISTS: ROYAL WINDSOR.

[*From the series of River Views issued by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Photographic Publishers, Aberdeen.*]

If you propose taking a longer tour later in the summer, and are on racing bent, you might do worse than go to Hamburg, where the International Races come off on Aug. 17 and 18, and International records may be broken.

Before very long the cyclist's camping season begins in earnest. These camps, so far, have had a great success; though camping certainly does not seem so appropriate to cyclists as to boatingmen. It is, however, necessarily managed on an entirely different system. There is really no more reason for it, from the standpoint of the sport, than there is for the Cinderellas in the winter time; it is the outcome, not of the love of cycling, but of the social instinct.

There was talk of having a C.T.C. camp in Paris for cycling visitors to the Exhibition this summer; but the plan fell through, as well it might. Half the fun—for those who think it fun—of camping is in the pitching of your own tent and doing of your own work. To live under canvas, when you might be in an hotel, would be the height of discomfort and folly; one would cheerfully pay a little more for comfort than a little less for misery. To supply the social life among cyclists, which, I suppose, was really the object of the proposed camp, weekly meetings are to be held in a café, to which all wheelmen from all lands will be made welcome. Therefore, if you are in Paris this summer, drop in any Wednesday evening at the Café Scossa, 125, Rue St. Lazare, after 9 p.m. You will be sure to find fellow-cyclists there.

N. C. U.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The War Office Harking Back.

It is strange to see how the War Office at one time comes down heavily upon any particular practice, and then, perhaps, a few years after, gives the same thing its sanction, probably under a new name. A few years ago, the custom of the London Colonels meeting—always with War-Office sanction—to consider matters pertinent to their districts generally, was declared unmilitary—nothing like it in the Service, you know! So it was stopped—chiefly, it has always been understood, by Lord Wolseley, who, while displaying great admiration for the Volunteers, has never shown much acumen in dealing with them. The strange thing at the time was that several Volunteer Colonels chimed in with the Adjutant-General, he and they behaving just as though they regarded a Volunteer corps as a Regular battalion in barracks should be regarded—five hundred or a thousand men all under one roof, with nothing else to do but turn out when the bugle sounds on the parade. It was just because the men are not in this position that a meeting of the commanding officers, to state what their men could and could not do, was necessary; and though the meeting was abolished—cast aside as a thing disgusting to military eyes—an equivalent has had to be found over and over again; it would have been impossible to execute the crude orders issuing from Pall-mall without the modification necessary to suit the case of men not embodied. Well, after the meeting has been in abeyance for several years, the very men who were most anxious for its suppression are now found supporting actively the Home Counties

Volunteer Forces Institution,

which is nothing more nor less than the metropolitan commanding officers' meeting revived. That it would have to be revived has been perceived for a long while, and especially since the Officers' Tactical Associations all over the country have taken to discussing the interests of the Service. When a Sergeants' Tactical Association had been formed in London, whose members, of course, talk, an officers' institution was bound to follow. It will now stand upon authority, and upon more than that—the caving-in of the Adjutant-General.

Bricks without Straw.

A few years ago we were constantly being told of rough encounters between public and Volunteers at field-days and elsewhere through the ground not being kept, and this sort of thing was especially prevalent in London parks. Once or twice, in Regent's Park, there was something almost like a battle royal between Volunteers and cricketers. Then the police were introduced, and there were no more scrimmages; but, judging by the experience in Regent's Park last Saturday, things have not mended very much. There was a three-battalion brigade of Engineers to drill and the West Middlesex Rifles to be inspected; and the ground cleared by the police was not a quarter large enough for the purpose. It is really useless to assemble Volunteers in this way, if they cannot get sufficient room. The great battalion of the 1st Fusiliers—majestic in their new bearskins—were almost as badly off east of the avenue. There can be no question that more open spaces for drilling is the great want of London Volunteers just now; the want being increased by the nature of the new drill. How on earth the battalions are to practise attack and defence now nobody knows.

Obsolete Drill.

If we could only ensure that the French or the Germans, or whoever may come to fight us some day, would kindly bring the guns of the Crimean era and practise the corresponding tactics we might do very well, as anybody may see who witnesses a park inspection or brigade drill any Saturday night. It is all old-fashioned work, in close formation, we are doing, because there is not room to do anything else. Thus qualified, the inspection of the Queen's—with its mounted infantry and all—last Saturday night was a fine spectacle, and so was the turn-out of the Bloomsbury Corps at the Foundling, the 3rd London at the Horse Guards, and Lord Truro's Artillery at Wellington Barracks. But the drill was not that of the present day, and I hope the new Officers' Institution will note and discuss the circumstance.

The Very Big Shoot.

Reference has been made twice already to the big shoot of Higgins of Gloucester, and some little hesitation has been expressed as to its being what is ordinarily recognised as a three-range score. The doubt seems justified, to judge by a report which has been forwarded. The 105 was made in practice, and that takes off a lot of the glory. Higgins, it may be supposed, fired each range over and over again, and then picked out his best at each. It is not often that even in all-day practice a man makes a highest possible at each; and so Higgins must be good shot. But he has not made 105 straight off the reel, as the first reports seemed to indicate.

Better Shooting.

After the 105, any score that does not need three figures for its representation looks small; but moderate people will be content with them. In the North London Club's shooting, Hobbiss has made a fine record of 99, and a lot of 98's and 97's are coming in. Wimbledon is close here now, and it is satisfactory to see that a lot of the old and tried men—Caldwell, Major Pearse, Beck, Lowe, Heap, and many more—are keeping up their form with the younger hands—Fulton, Leghorn, and others—who have come, or are coming, to the front. A lot of the oldsters will be up for the last fortnight, and we may look for a big try by all the cracks to take the last Queen's at Wimbledon.

EYES FRONT.

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

Celandine is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from Chave and Jackson, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[Advt.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

Last week I was speaking of the pictures at the exhibition of the Works of English Humourists; this week I am able to give two examples of two very famous men among them—Thomas Rowlandson and Cruikshank.

The Rowlandson cut contains only the five central figures from his drawing of "Box-Lobby Loungers." While not as characteristic as others that might be selected, it is interesting, showing two distinct tendencies of his work; it is with his London streets; they are always worked out or indicated with a loving fidelity to nature and a right feeling for art, which you can look for in vain in Cruikshank's work.

PARK MONSTROSITIES OF 1822.

From the Drawing by George Cruikshank, at the Exhibition of English Humourists in Art.

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

From Rowlandson's Drawing at the Exhibition of English Humourists in Art.

produced them, careless drawing often being the consequence.

There are still many caricaturists and humourists who work on the same lines, but those who really stand at the head of their profession to-day make good drawing as important an aim as humourous effect. The work of Charles Keene will best show what I mean. If you look at the very funniest of his illustrations in *Punch* you will not know which to wonder at most, the delightful humour or the delightful drawing. There is the utmost care given to every detail. Sometimes, in one of the sporting scenes he so often records you will see as a background a charming landscape, a picture in itself. And so greatest modern humourists. He makes his drawings usually in outline, going over them afterwards with a colour wash. They are very simply done, but they show a truly marvellous power of expression as well as great knowledge of drawing. There is a little exaggeration in them, but they depend not so much upon it as upon their expression. He had in the last Christmas number of the *Figaro Illustré* a series of eight drawings called "The Making of a Masterpiece," which was itself a masterpiece of humour. If you did not happen to see it at the time, I would refer you to it as not only an excellent example of his work, but a proof of how entirely independent true humour is of the monstrous exaggerations of Rowlandson. Caran d'Ache is a constant contributor to French papers and magazines, and he has illustrated many books, the finest as well as funniest of which is "Les Courses dans l'Antiquité." THE BOHEMIAN.

Indeed, it is possible now for an illustrated paper to be funny with the element of caricature left out altogether. At least, one such paper has been started of late in England, and, though it is not always as funny as it might be, it ought to succeed. I mean *Pick-Me-Up*, a weekly edited by Leslie Willson, who is, at the same time, one of its principal draughtsmen. He and Raven-Hill usually contribute the most important drawings, which are often brilliant in execution and very clever. They both care as much for *how* they draw as for *what* they draw.

They themselves, I have no doubt, would be the first to admit the debt they owe to Frenchmen and Germans who do the same sort of work. The German draughtsmen are perhaps the most successful in combining humour with good drawing. Their *Fliegende Blätter*, which corresponds to our *Punch*, is probably the funniest paper published to-day. Even if you do not understand German and cannot read the legends attached to the drawings, they make you laugh, they are so irresistably funny in themselves, while as a rule they are admirably drawn. *Fliegende Blätter* is to be had in many of the foreign cafés and restaurants in London as well as in a number of clubs; so the next time you get the chance, look it up and study its illustrations carefully. Or, if ever you come across the work of Oberlander or Schlittgen, examine it with interest; it will repay you. Schlittgen's German officers are always wonderful studies.

In France there is a whole army of humourists, and just now it is the fashion for each to illustrate and publish his own paper. For collectors, this is an excellent plan, but for the general public it does not answer so well; while I think the published result, as a rule, is apt to be uninteresting. For example, I find the Pierrots of Willette—the present Parisian favourite—which were entertaining enough covering a page or half a page of one of the illustrated weeklies, become monotonous in a publication devoted to them.

But though Willette is the favourite for the time being, his work really does not compare with that of Caran d'Ache, who is unquestionably one of the

THE SHAH'S ITINERARY.

THE following is, as at present arranged, the general programme of the Shah's visit to England:—July 1, arrive at Gravesend and London; July 2, visit to the Queen at Windsor, and at night to the Royal Italian Opera; 3, visit to the City; 7, proceed to Hatfield; 9, to Waddesdon; 11, to Howell Grange, near Birmingham; 12, to Sheffield; 13, to Liverpool; 15, to Manchester; 17, to Glasgow, staying at Buchanan Castle; 19, to Invercauld House; 20, to Edinburgh; 22, to Newcastle; 24, to Brighton; 26, to Portsmouth; 27, to Cherbourg.

Granted fine weather, the Shah's voyage up the Thames next Monday will form quite a brilliant scene. On arriving at Gravesend, his Majesty will leave the Victoria and Albert, and proceed on board the Edinburgh, a new boat belonging to the Victoria Steam-Boat Company, in which he will be conveyed to Westminster Palace Stairs. Two torpedo-boats will accompany the steamer from Gravesend to London, acting as a naval escort. Following these will come, it is anticipated, a procession of various other craft belonging to the Thames. A profuse display of bunting has been arranged for, and a guard of honour will be stationed at the Palace Stairs, whence the Shah will drive to Buckingham Palace.

The Shah is expected in Paris on July 28; in Switzerland, to visit Lausanne, Berne, and Zurich, on Aug. 16; at Stuttgart on Aug. 22; at Baden-Baden on Aug. 25; at Munich on Sept. 1; at Salzburg on Sept. 5; at Linz on Sept. 10; at Buda-Pesth on Sept. 14; at Constantinople, if arrangements can be come to, on Sept. 18; at Vienna on Sept. 30. From Vienna his Majesty will travel, by way of Lemberg, to Russia, whence he will return to Persia.

A Drive of Eight Hundred Miles.—A Paris correspondent says:—On Sunday, as a party of journalists were sitting at lunch at the Press Building in the Exhibition, a well-known Austrian writer entered, followed by a stranger whom he introduced as Herr Löwy, the editor of the *Extrablatt*, of Vienna, who had driven all the way from that city. Herr Löwy, who had covered a distance of 800 miles in twenty-one days, did not halt in the centre of Paris, but drove straight through up to the foot of the Eiffel Tower. His appearance was sufficiently remarkable; he was dressed in a travelling suit of greyish wool, trimmed round the neck with green velvet, and having cuffs of the same colour. His clothes were dusty and grimy, and his face, baked by the sun, bore evidence of the fatigue of the journey. But, notwithstanding this, the traveller was in good health; and full of spirits.

THE CURATIVE POWERS OF HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT cannot be too widely known. It is the only bona-fide genuine galvanic belt recommended by thousands (see testimonials) as a simple, natural, and speedy cure for all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice may be had (gratis) personally or by letter, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Ltd), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

WHAT THEY DO.

IF you have a dry, parched skin, with feverish symptoms, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" at once and regularly, and they will open the myriads of pores in the skin, and permit of the steady, gentle exudation of a refreshing, dewy moisture, affording the most marked relief and comfort to the patient.

If you have pimples, blotches, or scrofulous, eczematous, or other distressing cutaneous eruptive complaint, you will find that "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" will gradually and persistently effect an alterative, antiseptic, and purifying change in the blood, by which the latter is freed from poisonous impregnations, thereby cleansing and healing the skin, by depriving eruptive disease of the cause which gives it birth, and of the impure nourishment on which alone it can thrive.

Are you threatened with Typhus, Scarlet, Malarial, or other Fever, Smallpox, Measles, or kindred epidemic disease, or living in a district where any of such complaints are rife? Yes? then you may secure practical immunity from attack by using "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," or, at the worst, will suffer from but a mild type of the prevailing complaint; for "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," taken occasionally, but with regularity, are Prophylactic, or Disease-preventing.

Should you be subject to or suffering from Rheumatism, then use "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for Sulphur is the oldest and best specific for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Fever, Sciatica, &c., while their pleasant taste and attractive appearance obviate all nauseousness. The "Sulphur Tablets" are of far greater efficacy and curative power than crude Sulphur, because of the constituents that are combined with the Sulphur, which develop and increase the palliative and curative properties of the Tablets.

Are you a delicate, disorganised, or ailing woman, lacking energy to enjoy life because of deficiency or poorness of blood, or of weakness in its flow? or, maybe, you are of constipated habit of body? Then, in either or all of such instances, if you will be content to obtain gradual and sure relief, benefit and cure, without violent hurry or hurtful shock to the system, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" in regular doses, for they will act for you in a threefold beneficial manner: *first*, by their alterative, or blood-*purifying* power; *second*, by their blood *tonic* effect, strengthening the flow and enabling the blood to imbibe, or otherwise take up, more vigour and power from the nutrient properties of the food taken into the stomach; and *third*, by corrective, gentle, yet effective laxative power, with beneficial influence on the kidneys, by which latter effect the bladder relieves the blood and system generally of poisonous nitrogenous *urea*, which, if not regularly excreted, and if retained only in minute quantities, will assuredly do immediate harm to the health. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" *are invaluable for women*, however weak or delicate, *at all times*.

Children occasionally need something to cool and purify the blood, especially in the summer and at the change of the seasons, and often require a gentle corrective against costiveness. Those who value the health and permanent well-being of their children should give them "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." They attain the end in view in a gentle yet thoroughly efficacious, pleasant, agreeable form; while they never do harm, and do not, as so many medicines do, remove one evil only to create another. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are absolutely safe, and of great curative efficacy for children, the latter of whom like and eat the Tablets as a sweetmeat, because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance.

Clergymen in large towns, studious or business men, and hosts of others—men and women—living more or less sedentary lives, find an absolute necessity for the occasional use of a corrective against constipation. To such "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are a boon, being alike safe, sure, and agreeable. Moreover, they cool and purify the blood, which in persons of sedentary occupations is apt to become thick, and slow in flow, and therefore more ready to take up or germinate disease.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in Packets, price 1s. 1½d. Order of your chemist or grocer; or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of 1s. 3d., from the Sole Proprietors, Frazer and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE,
Samples Gratis and Post-free.

Messrs. FRAZER and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C., wishing to have their "Sulphur Tablets" tested and judged on their merits, will send Samples to all who have not seen or tried them Gratis, and post-free. Don't call; but write a letter, or send a postcard, and name "The Penny Illustrated Paper."—[ADVT.]

MOUNT EDGCUMBE, THE PICTURESQUE PLYMOUTH SEAT OF THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PLYMOUTH.—No. II.

Old and New Plymouth

do not contrast so sharply now as they did five-and-twenty years since. A stranger might visit the elder town and notice few traces of antiquity. Streets narrow and steep and close, and thickly populated, he would see, with here and there a quaint corbel, or a picturesque gable, or a massive granite doorway; but the chances are that he would pay little heed. The present generation has been sadly destructive. A fine old quadrangular mansion, in which, according to tradition,

Katharine of Arragon

was entertained when she landed in 1501, has given place to a Board School. Of all the noble Elizabethan dwellings, but one retains anything like its pristine beauty. Nothing is left intact of the monastic houses but a refectory. True, there are a few remnants of the castle; true, "Pms-lane" contains a couple of illustrations of that very ancient arrangement of "cellar and solar"; but for the most part mediæval Plymouth is a thing of "shreds and patches"; and save the fine old Perpendicular church of St. Andrew and its neighbour "prysten house," nothing is left to strike the casual eye. In fact, to the mere passing visitor, Plymouth seems quite a

Modern Town.

The main streets are all modern in aspect, except that "Old Town" still retains a couple of seventeenth-century hostelries. The suburbs are modern altogether; and the growth of the present century has been so rapid that five-sixths of the area now covered with houses were field and marsh when George III. was King. Nay, the suburbs of the Regency are the heart of the present town. At the corner of George-street stands the house built by the father of Mr. Whiteford, the predecessor of Mr. Wilson in the office of Town-Clerk, still, in his ninth decade, Chairman of the Local Board that governs the rising suburb of Compton—of which house the elder Mr. Whiteford's contemporaries declared that his clients would never come so far out of the town to see him! Now business has no more active haunt.

The "worthies" of Devon are famous in history, and the

Plymouth Worthies

are also found in every walk of life. Drake was a Plymouthian by adoption; but his kinsfolk, the Hawkinses—"Old William," Sir John, and Sir Richard—were Plymouth born and bred. So was that able diplomatist Sir Thomas Edmonds; so that shrewd thinker Glanville, who sought his way through doubt to certainty, and held "confest ignorance" the road to science. In art, Plymouth has unique claims — Reynolds (for Plympton is only a Plymouth suburb now), Northcote, Eastlake, Haydon, Prout, Johns (whose paintings were more than once sold as Turner's), Hart, the late Lord Monkswell (sound lawyer and able landscape painter)—all were Plymouth men; and the credit of the Plymouth water-colour school is still worthily sustained in the Royal Institute by Philip Mitchell, senior of the many able local artists of the present day. Men of science have come to the fore in such men as Sir W. Snow Harris, Jonathan Hearder (pioneer electrician), and W. Elford Leach, with Dr. Dallinger (the microscopist) and T. R. A. Briggs (the botanist) in these later days, and sundry others—like Cookworthy (the potter), Hamilton Smith, and Charles Spence Bate, who have made the town their home. Antiquaries, like Samuel Rowe, who first dealt systematically with the antiquities of Dartmoor; poets, like Carrington; critics, like Samuel Prideaux Tregellas, were all Plymouthians either by birth or adoption; and if now-a-days much of the local literature is of the "easy" and ephemeral kind, still there are not wanting those whose writings have a more considered and enduring value.

Business Plymouthians

have always been well to the fore, and the fortunes of not a few county families were laid in the old town. The ancestors of Lord Blachford were Plymouth merchants; and Lord Monkswell's family are leading merchants still.

The business element is, indeed, most predominant in Plymouth now—mercantile and manufacturing—the "service" notwithstanding; and the rapid growth of the community has introduced so much outside blood that the town is less settled in its characteristics than of yore, and few of the old families of the port continue actively present. Personally, Plymouth may thus be regarded as largely in a transition stage. But all the old links are not yet broken, and hearty men of business, like

The Present Mayor, Mr. Waring,

are always ready to meet the demands made on them, heavy though they may be; or, like Mr. Alger, a younger predecessor, to grapple with the arduous task of building one of the finest provincial hospitals in the kingdom. For

The Philanthropies of Plymouth

are many and great.

The Plymouth Papers

have always been more or less to the fore since the early days of the century, when the little weekly journals frequently got important early intelligence from the men-of-war; and Plymouth journalists have filled many an important post. The two Plymouth dailies are now the leading newspapers of the West of England, and have absorbed most of their predecessors. Somewhat the older, in point of date, is the *Western Morning News*, established on independent lines by Messrs. Saunders and Spender, but long a company, and now the organ of militant Unionism. Mr. Saunders, who has for years ceased to be connected with it, is well known as an advanced Democrat; Mr. Spender, ever an ardent Gladstonian, who was, unhappily, drowned while bathing, would no doubt have been found to-day among the Home-Rule ranks; since his death the editor has been Mr. Albert Groser. The *Western Daily Mercury* is the leading Liberal organ of the west, and its senior proprietor (who is just giving place to a company), Mr. Isaac Latimer, is the oldest pressman, not only in Plymouth, but in Devon and Cornwall. For some years the editorship of the *Mercury* has been in the hands of Mr. Whitfeld, who has rendered yeoman service to his party, by tongue as well as pen.

Plymouth is alike fortunate and famous in its surroundings. On the western shores of Plymouth Sound rise the tree-clad slopes of

Mount Edgcumbe,

one of the fairest domains in Devon, which Garrick declared surpassed Parnassus! and which Medina Sidonia is *said* to have picked out as his share of the Armada spoil. Here the Edgcumbes have dwelt 400 years, right good neighbours to the busy town, save in those stirring days when

Plymouth went for Parliament,
And Edgcumbe went for Crown.

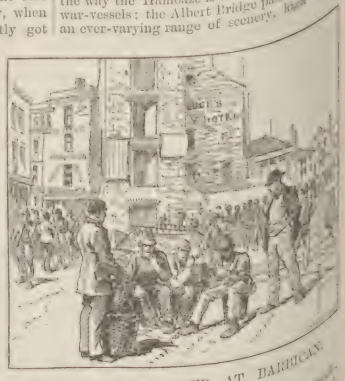
But all that is now but a creditable memory; and the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe is ever-welcome in the borough, to whose citizens "in year out" his noble park is freely open. And then on the eastward, up Catwater, Saltram, seat of the Earl of Morley, and esteemed no less than his brother Peer, second as of hereditary right the headship of the Chamber of Commerce of the port, which father and grandfather held before him.

MR. A. WARING, M.P.
TOWN CLERK, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Tamar

is one of the most charming rivers in [illegible] and its ascent to the Weir Head, [illegible] navigation ends, a favourite holiday trip. [illegible] the way the Hamoaze is traversed, [illegible] war-vessels; the Albert Bridge passed, [illegible] an ever-varying range of scenery, [illegible]

TRAWLERS GOING OUT FROM PLYMOUTH HOE.



FISHERMEN'S CORNER AT BARBICAN.

A TRIP UP PLYMOUTH'S DELIGHTFUL RIVER: THE HAMOAZE AND DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

It is a relief to see the sun again, and though it occasions a lot of labour in watering, &c., especially where many plants are grown under glass, every hour's sunshine now is worth hundreds of pounds to the country. Although we are always grumbling at the weather, our climate is not so subject to violent changes as many others, but its chief fault is the want of bright sunshine, the very backbone and essence of plant-life. Just now we have not much to complain of in this respect; but, though apparently favourable to plant-growth, the prevailing weather is not what it might, or even should, be at this time of year. The days are warm and bright, but the wind is cold, having apparently a lead-like affinity for a point somewhere between north and east; while the nights are still more so, with the result that our plants are half roasted by day, and chilled to an indescribable extent at night. Many occupants of the gardens are in consequence, wearing an extremely starved and miserable appearance, puzzling to those who do not study the matter with sufficient attention.

Unless naturally well sheltered on the north and east, carpet-bedding and other tender plants—such as alternantheras, iresenes, coleus, &c.—had better be protected for the present by a screen of hurdles, or an arrangement of stakes, cords, and mats on the windward side. The similar attention will be greatly appreciated by most of the sub-tropical subjects, including castor-oil plants, cannas, perillas, amaranths, and so forth. Nicotianas, wigandias, maize, and one or two others, are somewhat hardier, and do not suffer so much from low temperatures; yet shelter from strong winds is desirable for even these, chiefly to prevent the leaves becoming torn and spoilt. Although after many and repeated trials it is now practically certain that the

Growth of Tobacco,

as a commercial speculation, cannot be made to pay in this country, owing to the lack of substance and aroma in the leaves produced in our cool, moist, and decidedly unsuitable climate, yet all the varieties of the virginica, or tobacco-producing section, are invaluable in the sub-tropical garden for their fine foliage, though the flowers are comparatively insignificant. But there is no member of this family which should find a place in every garden, large or small, in town or country. I refer to the exquisite white-flowered and sweetly-scented nicotiana affinis, which, though only introduced a very few years since, from the South of France, is now comparatively common; but it is a plant one can never have too much of. The white blooms, which resemble those of a gigantic bouvardia more than anything else, remain, as a rule, open during the day, except in cold, dull weather, and commence to expand about sundown, when they emit a powerful fragrance something like that of the lemon verbena and honeysuckle combined. A few plants will perfume a large garden, and never fail to attract notice. They are easily raised from seed which, if sown in February or March, in heat, pricked out, potted, and planted out at the end of May, will bloom continuously throughout the whole of the summer and autumn.

Among the brightest and best of hardy flowers now in bloom are the varieties of

Canterbury Bells.

These have been much improved of late years, and a good strain now affords extremely showy plants and numberless flowers of large size, varied forms, and many exquisite shades of white, blush, pink, blue, and purple. Seeds of these plants, as well as those of other biennials, such as wall-flowers, sweet williams, foxgloves, &c., should be sown at once, if not already in, for next season's display. When large enough, the plants must be pricked off singly, and finally transplanted, either in the autumn or early spring, to the places where they are intended to flower.

Roses.

Like the fruit-trees, these are not fulfilling the promise of a month or even a fortnight ago. The hot sun and cold nights have, in too many cases, stopped the growth and crippled the foliage; greenfly is putting in an appearance in quantity, and the farther the buds advance, the more unpromising do they appear. There may be, and, indeed, already are, some good roses; but the bulk will be small, thin, and poor, I fear. A decoction of quassia chips and soft soap is the best remedy for aphis, killing every insect the moment it touches it, and doing the foliage no harm, especially if the bushes are syringed with clean water a few minutes subsequently. To obtain bloom fit for the exhibition table, the buds must be severely thinned, and the roots abundantly supplied with liquid manure.

OUR VILLAGE: No. III.—OUR GARDENER.

A Vegetable Wonder.

There is at present in flower in the Victoria Lily-House at Kew a remarkable plant, upon which the name of Amorphophallus titanum has been bestowed. The first of its kind was discovered a few years since in Sumatra, by Dr. Beccari, who sent seeds to the Botanic Garden at Florence, with the request that one of the seedlings might be sent to Kew. This was done, and the plant—which produces annually a solitary leaf, which appears in the spring and dies away in the autumn; the stalk of the last was fully 10 ft. in height, with a leaf circumference of no less than 45 ft.—has now completed its growth, and has this season produced its huge flower, the like of which has never been seen before in this country. The convolvulus — like blossom of the plant discovered by Dr. Beccari—was quite three feet in diameter, while from its centre springs a spadix, like that of an arum lily, six feet long and as thick as a man's leg. The tuberous root was five feet in circumference, and as much as two men could lift.

Work for the Week.

This will chiefly consist in watering, staking, and tying such plants as require support, cutting grass, and destroying weeds. A mulch, or top-dressing of manure, will now be of great assistance to roses and other gross-feeding plants that may require a little extra nourishment, and are benefited by having their roots kept moist and cool. Make any failures in the flower-beds good directly they are perceived, and plant all surplus stuff in the reserve garden either for filling spaces by-and-bye, for stock, or to supply cut flowers, as the case may be. Dahlias should be carefully staked and tied, frequently syringed overhead, and traps set for earwigs.

Vegetable Garden.

Peas are now plentiful, and are becoming very cheap in the markets and shops; as a rule, they are unusually fine, and the pods well filled. A great deal of harm is often done to peas by careless picking; if roughly snatched with one hand the haulm will be bruised if not actually broken, the right way being to hold the stalk firmly in one hand, and pull the pods with the other. Take care also not to allow any seed to ripen on the plants yet: nothing exhausts plants of any kind more than maturing seed, but if all the pods that are fit for use are gathered regularly the bearing season will be greatly prolonged. A liberal supply of water and liquid manure at the root, especially in hot weather, is also of the utmost importance, and greatly increases both the yield and the duration of the plants. Among the best of tall-growing peas, which are always the most profitable where there is room enough to grow them properly, are—Telephone and Telegraph (two fine exhibition varieties), Huntingdonian, Culverwell's Giant Marrow, Champion of England, and Ne Plus Ultra, the last being one of the best, if not *the* best, of all late peas. Of dwarfer growth are G. F. Wilson, which resists drought better than any other kind, Stratagem, Pride-of-the-Market, the Green and Main crop Marrowfats (Sutton's), and Veitch's Perfection, all excellent sorts. Another pea which I can strongly recommend is Laxton's Fillbasket, a dwarf blue kind of good constitution and remarkably prolific.

Fruit Garden.

The failure of the fruit crop, at any rate as regards apples, pears, and apricots, is now only too obvious a fact. In some places not only has all the embryo fruit dropped, but the foliage is rapidly disappearing as well.

Strawberries

are, however, reported as likely to be the heaviest crop known for years, and though a few days ago the plants in some parts were suffering from the wet, cold, and dull weather, the sunshine of the last few days has improved their appearance wonderfully. The richest flavoured of all strawberries is still British Queen; but it is a pity that this variety only succeeds on heavy soil, and not always then. Keen's seedling is a great favourite of mine, and a fine all-round strawberry. Then come Garibaldi (fine for forcing), Sir J. Paxton, and Sir C. Napier. The best *early* kind is undoubtedly Black Prince.

B. C. R.

MUSICAL RIDE OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I am going to describe a novelty in travelling-gowns, quite recently brought out by Messrs. Thomas and Sons, tailors, of Brook-street and Bond-street. The Illustration is taken from the *Lady's Pictorial* of June 8, and it gives a capital idea of this very *chic* garment:—

It is, by-the-way, a specialty of Messrs. Thomas, and is not to be had elsewhere; but nothing could be found more admirably adapted for the purposes of walking, shooting, or travelling, for not only is it picturesque but serviceable.

The material is cheviot cloth, very light and soft in texture, the colour is tan, and the pattern a rather large check. For my own wear I should prefer something less obtrusive; but, happily, tastes differ. The bodice is a copy of that worn in the Highland dress; even to the tabs and buttons round the edge. It is loose, but shapely and becoming. Beneath is a waistcoat of rein-deer skin; but in hot weather a vest of white piqué would be very effective. On the head is worn a deerstalker's cap made of the same material and pattern, with flaps to tie over the ears in rough or wet weather. Stout shoes and gaiters complete the costume.

This being the season for

Boating and Tennis

you may like to hear of some pretty and suitable frocks for the lawn and river. It is rather satisfactory to know that boating and tennis dresses are so much alike that the smart costume you wear playing tennis on Saturday afternoon will do for up the river next day. I saw a model for a tennis-dress the other day which was certainly original; but it would look more picturesque upon a green lawn than it did in the London shop. The skirt was of white, soft, woollen material, falling in full folds from the waist, and made so as to clear the ground well all round; it was trimmed round the bottom with rows of scarlet braid, and with it was worn a scarlet jacket with straight fronts made open to show a full skirt of the white woollen underneath; the jacket had facings, collar and cuffs of white, braided in scarlet. A large shady hat of rough white straw, trimmed with scarlet poppies, was to be worn with this costume, and the whole would be very becoming to a brunette; but she should be young as well as comely.

Woollen materials have been so much improved of late, and are so beautifully finished that they are more popular than silk. But gowns of fine woollen stuff are much improved by being made over a silk foundation. For one thing, they hang and set better; and, for another, they are much lighter to carry. Silk also wears better than alpaca, one foundation, if the silk is fairly good, wearing out two *outsides;* so that silk is really cheaper in the end.

Twilled woollens are very popular, and they are almost always interwoven with white, which has the effect of modifying the principal colour; thus, for instance, navy blue is toned down with bluish-grey, brown into *café-au-lait*, and red into strawberry-pink. The bodices of these woollen dresses are nearly always made full, either with or without a yoke. Another favourite style is the short open jacket over full shirt. Some young ladies wear a man's necktie, the one with the sailor's knot, with silk and cotton blouses. The fashion is not a pretty one; the ends, which are hidden inside a man's waistcoat, hang down aimlessly in front of the woman's bodice, and are extremely inelegant.

Jerseys seem more worn than ever. They are certainly very much improved in cut and finish, and fit beautifully, without any of the rucking up, or creasing, at the waist that was so objectionable. The reason of this is that jerseys have now fancy waistcoats and lapels turned back, and both waistcoat and lapels are lined with some stiff material which answers in the place of whalebone, and the result is an admirably fitting bodice, without the heat and uncomfort of lining.

On cottons in Paris there are all manner of queer designs. The Eiffel Tower was very popular, but it is going out. Of course, no woman with any pretensions to good taste would ever appear with an illustration of this triumph of engineering stamped all over her.

I saw some remarkably pretty gowns at a smart "at home" a few days ago. One of the prettiest was in grey silk made in the Directoire style; but the sides of the coat were looped up in a very effective manner to show a lining of white silk; the front of the gown was lightly brocaded in white flowers, and there was a thick ruche round the bottom of grey and white silk combined. A very pretty black-lace hat with cornflowers completed this costume. A black-lace hat trimmed with laburnum was worn by a fair woman. Her gown was rich black silk, very simply but prettily made.

Another pale grey dress had a front breadth, waistcoat and facings of the fashionable lily green. The contrast was almost too great. I have not seen many white dresses during the past fortnight: I suppose the weather has not been quite settled enough. I saw a very pretty cream gown that was to be worn at a smart wedding by a brunette. It was trimmed with a beautiful shade of buff watered silk, and was extremely becoming to the dark-skinned, dark-eyed earer.

A well-known "society" beauty—a matron, with big sons, by-the-way—wore at a recent "church parade" in the park, a buff-coloured silk with a fancy stripe. It was very plainly made, and had a white lisse waistcoat. With it was worn a white bonnet and sunshade of white watered silk. An Irish beauty looked radiant in green "Liberty" silk made in the Empire style, very soft and furry, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat to match. One of the most lady-like costumes was of brown foulard with a tiny leaf pattern in white. The bonnet was a bow of brown velvet; each loop of the bow was edged with narrow gold braid; the space behind was filled with the wearer's lovely brown hair arranged in plaited loops.

I should very much like to interest you in

A House of Rest

for work girls and women which is now securely established by the "warm Devon sea." It is not an institution or a charity, but it is in every sense of the word a "House of Rest." The ladies who set it up have a moderate independent fortune, and it happened that, one hot July day about ten years ago, they were standing at the door of a shop in Edgware-road, and noticing the pale, tired faces of the girls inside, said to one another, "I wish we could bring these poor girls down to our beach."

To think the good thought was to bring about the good deed. Within a year the plans were matured, some money collected, and a cottage with six beds and a little parlour and kitchen was taken, and six shop-girls were asked down to spend their autumn holiday. And just fancy, one of these poor things said once to one of the kind ladies: "It's nothing but bed and business, business and bed with us, all the year long."

Think of that, you happy women, who can go where you like and do what you like all day long. Just imagine a girl who, after five years' experience as a "bodice hand," can earn but 8s. a week! Can you imagine it? I don't think you can. I am sorry I cannot write any more about this "House of Rest," but if any of you who read this would like to know all there is to know, send a couple of halfpenny stamps to Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, Devon, and ask for a copy of the annual report, and also of a little pamphlet called "A House of Rest." As soon as you have read the latter I am sure you will send a subscription according to your means.

I was asked the other day a simple question which has to do with the

Kitchen,

I may as well answer it here, as we have no correspondence column. A marble, or an oyster-shell, put into a kettle, will, I believe, prevent the gathering of that hard sediment which makes careful housekeepers and cooks so unhappy. The shell and the marble attract the sediment, and the crust is formed upon them instead of on the kettle.

Green peas are in season now; here is a nice

Luncheon Dish

you can make with them and fresh eggs:—Of the latter take four; half a pint of young green peas; a tiny sprig of mint, if the flavour is liked; two tablespoonfuls of milk; two ounces of butter, and a little salt and pepper.

Put the peas, with the mint and salt, into boiling water, and boil until tender; drain off the water, but keep the peas hot. Beat up the eggs well with the pepper and a little salt; add the milk and peas. Whilst beating the eggs, have the butter melting in an omelette-pan, and as soon as it is quite hot pour in the eggs and milk, &c., and stir rapidly with an iron spoon until the eggs are set. Great care must be taken not to let the eggs burn or become too solid. When done, serve either on hot buttered or plain toast. Asparagus-tops may be used instead of peas; but with the former mint and pepper must be left out.

Salad Dressing.

Salads, as you know, can be made of all sorts of things. Potatoes, French beans, cabbage, red and white (red is used for winter salad only); but, to my mind, there is nothing to compare with fresh, cool lettuce; and, next to it, comes beetroot. I am also Goth enough to detest those horrid little weeds, mustard and cress; and I would not allow them into any salad of my making. In making a lettuce salad be very careful to shake all the water out of the lettuce; the best plans is to put the heads into a clean cloth, and, holding it tightly by the four corners (and grasp with them the root part of the head of lettuce) shake it well, and you will get all the water out.

For the dressing. some like oil, others cream. I like cream myself. For a salad of moderate size—say, for two only—take the yolks of two very hard-boiled eggs, and bruise them well with the back of a spoon; when they are in a powder, add enough made mustard and a little pinch of salt to mix them into a paste; you should have your mixture in rather a shallow and compact dish. For two eggs, I think half a pint of good, rich cream is enough; add it slowly to the egg mixture with one hand while you keep it stirred round in widening circles, still with the back of the spoon, until all the cream is added, and then stir on until the eggs are thoroughly blended. Then add, very carefully, enough vinegar to make the mixture slightly acid. It is a very good plan before you bruise your eggs to rub the dish lightly with a cut onion; you may also rub your salad-bowl with it. Do not put any onion into the dressing; but, before you add the cream, you may add a very floury potato, mashed lightly with a silver fork; but it must be floury. You may also add to the dressing, if you like, a spoon of anchovy sauce (Burgess's), or of Worcester ditto; or a nice sardine, peeled and boned (you can get them peeled and boned at the Haymarket Stores), and cut up into small pieces, is very nice in the dressing. It is best not to mix lettuce and dressing together too soon; it makes the latter flabby. This is a very simple dressing; but very good and tasty. It is also very good with beetroot.

MARGUERITE.

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

V.—LANDLORDS AND LODGERS.

If a tenant does not pay his rent when due a landlord has two remedies, and sometimes a third. He can levy a distress, he can sue for the rent, and in some cases he can eject the tenant.

A distress for rent is the most common remedy. The landlord's right to enter in person or by deputy to distrain on the goods and chattels of the tenant for rent in arrear has existed in this country from time immemorial; but it only exists where there is an agreement to pay, or a lease reserving a fixed, ascertained rent, and not where a man is a mere tenant at will or by permission, without any agreed rent. A landlord will lose his right to distrain when he assigns or conveys the property to a purchaser. Rent due prior to the date of conveyance can only be recovered by action. The landlord can only distrain those things upon the premises which he can afterwards restore in the plight in which they were before the distress. Therefore, for example, meat cannot be taken from a butcher's shop by way of distraint. Fixtures, other than trade machinery, cannot be seized for rent. Growing crops may, by statute, be seized for rent. Beasts of the plough and sheep must not be distrained, unless there are no other goods available. Implements of trade, and other things, not in actual use, may be distrained for rent, including even wearing apparel, except as mentioned below. Goods sent to a tradesman for the purpose of being repaired in the way of his trade are protected from distress. As a result of the "Law of Distress Amendment Act, 1888," a landlord is prohibited from levying a distress upon wearing apparel, bedding, tools, and implements of trade to the value of £5, but the Act is so imperfectly drawn that it is difficult to enforce it. It, however, requires brokers who levy distresses to be duly authorised persons, with a certificate from a County Court Judge or Registrar. Lodger's goods can only be distrained upon for rent to the amount of the rent due from the lodger, who must, however, make a statutory declaration, if required, as to his rent and chattels. A distress for rent can be levied whilst the tenant is in possession of the premises at any time within six months after the end of a tenancy, and of course the landlord's interest must be in existence at the time. No more than six years' arrears of rent can be recovered by distress. A distress must be levied between sunrise and sunset. If a tenant fraudulently or clandestinely carries away his goods to prevent a distress the landlord may follow the goods within thirty days; and, in the Metropolis, any constable may detain, until due inquiry can be made, all carts and carriages or vehicles removing furniture between eight p.m. and six a.m., or whenever the constable shall have good grounds for believing that such removal is made for the purpose of evading payment of rent. Of course, the goods can only be followed if they are removed after the rent became due.

Where a tenant is let into possession without any precise agreement as to rent, the law will imply a promise on his part to pay for "use and occupation," and wherever there is any doubt as to the right to distrain the safest course is to sue either for rent of "use or occupation." In the case of a lease or written agreement of tenancy, there should always be a proviso for re-entry, and ejectment of the tenant on non-payment of rent. Care must be taken in enforcing this proviso only to turn the tenant out by peaceable re-entry, or by means of legal process of ejectment. Proceedings in ejectment may be in the County Court, if neither the rent nor the value of the premises exceed £50 yearly.

Where the tenant's interest has expired by efflux of time or notice, and the tenant refuses to give up possession, the landlord may also proceed in ejectment, although there is no provision in the contract for re-entry. In the case of a tenant, at a rent not exceeding £20 yearly, who refuses to quit after legal notice, proceedings to recover possession may be taken before a Magistrate or two Justices of the Peace, after a written notice from the landlord or his agent to the tenant of intention to apply to the Justices or Magistrate at the expiration of seven days.

ANSWERS.

Discovery.—No, if the goods really belong to the daughter. Deeds of gift are looked on with suspicion, and the bona fides of the transaction may have to be proved.

D. R.—The children will take in equal shares except as to freehold property, which would go to eldest son. You should make a will, especially as your eldest child is under twenty-one.

T. J.—The building society, as mortgagees, are not in the position of your former landlord, and are not bound to allow you the tax.

Constant Reader.—Your question is not one of law but of public policy. We could not discuss in this column the prudence of existing laws.

LEX.

The Rifle Contest for the Queen's Championship of the Army will be held at Aldershot on July 25.

TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels, and Prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable. and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post. Illustrated pamphlet free.

British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C

WANTED PERSONS TO ACCEPT GRATIS, in view of further orders, their own RUBBER STAMP for marking linen, notepaper, &c. Write plainly, and inclose four stamps to defray postage, packing, &c., to MACKINTOSH and CO., Makers of all kinds of Rubber Stamps, 58, Finsbury-Pavement, London, E.C.

HARNESS.—Important Notice to Clergymen, Medical Men, Private Gentlemen, Tradesmen, and all who use Harness. Send for Illustrated Particulars. "How to Save 50 per cent in your Stables," post-free. Address, F. Stephenson, 65, Broad-street, Birmingham.

DICKS' ENGLISH LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS.

Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. XX., now ready, each Thirty-two Large Quarto Pages, price One Penny, contain:—
HARRISON AINSWORTH'S "ROOKWOOD." (Illustrated by Cruikshank.)
ROBERT PALTOCK'S "PETER WILKINS." (Illustrated by D. H. Friston.)
EUGENE SUE'S "MYSTERIES OF PARIS." (Illustrated.)
G. W. M. REYNOLDS'S "WORRIES OF MR. CHICKPICK." Also Continuation of
CHARLES J. LEVER'S "KNIGHT OF GWYNNE." (Illustrated by Phiz.)
W. M. THACKERAY'S "VANITY FAIR." (Illustrated by Thackeray.)
CHARLES DICKENS'S "DOMBEY AND SON." (Illustrated by Phiz.)
"DICKS' ENGLISH LIBRARY" is issued in Weekly Numbers at 1d.; Monthly Parts at 6d.; and Quarterly Volumes (paper covers), 1s. 6d.; or bound in cloth, 2s. 6d. Vols. 1 to 19 still on sale.
"DICKS' ENGLISH LIBRARY" can be sent each week, free by post, on the following terms:—Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d.
To be obtained at 313, Strand, London; or of all Newsagents and Booksellers. Send Three-Halfpence for Specimen Copy.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter during the present month, free of cost.—Address, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

THE ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

No. 621, published June 28, contains: DESIGN FOR HEXAGONAL SUMMER HOUSE. Art Teaching. The Sukkur Bridge. The Eiffel Tower. Details for Inlaying Table. Australian Notes. PRACTICAL JOINERY. A Modern Mansion. The Kempe Memorial Cross. New Railway Workshops at Horwich. GREAT CHURCHES of the WORLD: The CATHEDRAL AT FLORENCE. Our Inventors' Column and New Patents, Illustrated—London and Provincial Labour Notes—also the ever interesting and useful Column of Notes and Queries.
THE ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, One Penny Weekly, can be transmitted through the post. Send Three-halfpence for specimen copy. Quarterly Subscription, 1s. 8d., post-free; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d.
John Dicks, 313, Strand, London. All Newsagents.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For particulars and sample, inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Birmingham.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for Varicose and Weakness, 5s.; Knee-caps, Leggings, Anklets, 3s. 6d., 4s. each; Ladies' Abdominal Belts, 7s. 6d.; Rupture Truss, 4s. 6d. Illustrations, 4 stamps. MILLIKIN and LAWLEY, 165, Strand, London.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'Clock, Dion Boucicault's celebrated Irish drama, THE SHAUGHRAUN. Mr. William Terriss and a powerful company. Doors open at Seven; Farce at 7.15. Box-office open Ten to Five.

LYCEUM—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—MACBETH, TO-NIGHT at Eight. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at Eleven.
MISS ELLEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT and LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29.—LYCEUM.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. SEASON 1889. Under the Management of AUGUSTUS HARRIS. For Particulars, see Daily Papers.

THE DREAMER'S TRUE FRIEND AND FORTUNE-TELLER.—Here is explained the meaning of nearly ONE THOUSAND DREAMS, and the ROYAL FORTUNE-TELLER, where you can learn your future Destiny, and Answers to 720 different Questions. Containing also the WHEEL OF FORTUNE and Directions; Fortune-Telling by the Hand; A Cure for Love; To Know if your Lover will Marry You; When You will be Married, &c. Post-free, 15 stamps. Address: Universal Supply Co., 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

POST-FREE FOR TWO STAMPS. A Collection of Curious Samples, also a New and remarkable Novelty needed by both sexes.—Address: P, 61, Phœnix House, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY OF PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the Oldest and Best Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves and Cures severe Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints, and Limbs, and all Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Taken internally Cures at once Coughs, Sudden Colds, Cramp in Stomach, Colic, Diarrhœa, and Cholera Infantum. It affords Relief not obtained by other Remedies. Of all Chemists at 1s. 1½d and 2s. 9d. per bottle.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.; Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 9d.; Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.; Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly-finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

NOVELTY. — Sent to Everyone sending one stamp for postage to GEO. HARRISON, 8, Great Turnstile, Holborn.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, Sundays Well, Cork. Only test it.

"Daily Chronicle" says:—"Thoroughly practical fashion books: cheaper and better than ever."

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL

(JULY) contains a PAPER PATTERN of the GARIBALDI BLOUSE, Extra Coloured Plate of Summer Toilettes, Forty Pages of Letterpress, Fifty Illustrations of Summer Costumes, Mantles, Jackets, &c.; How to Cut-out and Make, Quantity of Material Required, Fancy Work, How to Fold Dinner Napkins, Lessons in Millinery and Home Dressmaking, How to Make the New Promenade Vest, &c.
Price 3d.; post-free, 4½d.

"Banbury Guardian" says:—"Weldon's is a household word."

WELDON'S PENNY DRESSMAKER

(JULY) contains a choice COLOURED PLATE of SUMMER COSTUMES, &c. Fifty Illustrations of Summer Costumes, Dolmans, Mantles, Jackets, &c., with Practical Directions How to Make-up and Cut-out in the most Economical manner, and the quantity of material required. Lessons in Millinery.
Price 1d.; post-free, 2d.

"Lincolnshire Herald" says: "Ladies think it just splendid."

WELDON'S BAZAAR OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

(JULY) contains a PAPER PATTERN of a CHILD'S SEASIDE or SUMMER FROCK, Seventy Illustrations of Summer Styles for Girls, Boys, and Young Ladies. Complete Instructions for Cutting-out and Making.
Price 1d. Monthly; post-free, 2d.
WELDON and Co., 7, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.
FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to depôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government depôt, free of cost.
Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies.
Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to
THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND,
1, Westminster Chambers,
Victoria-street, London, S.W.
All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LAND ORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping Firms booking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s.
G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London.
Illustrated Catalogues, 60 pages, sent post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS - BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. New Partnership. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS, ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

WATCHES. — In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years' warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

LANGDON DAVIES and CO.
WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?
SPLENDID CATALOGUE, with 100 reply; also, "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." 100 Engravings; also remarkable testimonials sent gratis and post-free. Distinctly lowest prices in the trade. Speciality, RELIABLE WATCHES, prices from 7s. 9d. to 200 guineas. BEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD. The RELIANCE LEVER, 50s.; the CHRONOMETER LEVER, 63s.; the TEMPOMETER, 70s.; the DEMI-CHRONOMETER, 105s., are four of the best Watches ever made in any country.
£2 10s. ENGLISH LEVER at FIFTY SHILLINGS! Our new Special English Lever is unapproached by any Watch of the day. Capped, jewelled, sterling silver cases, and warranted. Extra qualities, 60s., 70s., to 120s.
"A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.
"KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d. Speciality. Not a small clock, nor a toy; but our own make, a Genuine Watch, with jewelled movement, nickelled cases, and warranted serviceable for years. Lady's size, 8s. 6d. Gent's Keyless, 9s. 6d. Keyless Lever, matchless timekeeper, 25s. Cheapest real Watches ever made. Every one guaranteed.
DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Birmingham supplies the World with Jewellery. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Frosted Silver Set, Brooch, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Silver Necklet, 3s.; Silver Locket, 2s.; Silver Bracelet, 1s.; Silver Ring, 9d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pins, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Albert and Key, 5s. All genuine silver, at wholesale prices. 9-carat Gold Keepers, 8s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; genuine 18-carat Diamond Ring, 35s.; 800 Illustrations of Jewellery in Catalogue. Electro-Plate and Cutlery at Manufacturers' prices. Alarm Clocks, 5s. 6d.; Aneroids, 7s., &c.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.
LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham.
SEND POST-CARD FOR CATALOGUE.

BENZINE COLLAS.
Ask for "COLLAS."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Collas."
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas."
See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap.
Extra refined, nearly odourless.
On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS.
Preparation. Ask for "COLLAS" and take no other.
Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

ONE SHILLING.
THE AMERICAN BRASS POCKET MICROSCOPE is the most powerful instrument in the world, for its size and price, ever yet offered to the public, and will be found to magnify as clearly and as large as many that cost from 10s. to 15s. each; they are a continued source of amusement to persons of every age, objects being magnified 3000 times larger than their natural size. Post-free, 14 stamps.—J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d.
For Eighteen Stamps I will send,
FOR THIS MONTH ONLY,
An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN.
The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.
J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s.
1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s.
(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post-free, 1s. 3d.; Two for 2s. 3d.
J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER. — JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.
GRATEFUL and COMFORTING.
MADE SIMPLY with BOILING WATER or MILK.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 80, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1, carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS'
PURE CONDENSED COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

MARVELLOUS VALUE, FOUR STAMPS.—SEND US FOUR STAMPS, and we will send you, carriage paid, TWENTY PORTRAITS OF THE WORLD'S CELEBRITIES, and TWENTY PICTORIAL VIEWS of the most beautiful Scenes of the World, each on a separate sheet, superbly engraved and elegantly printed, equal to STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Also FORTY-EIGHT POPULAR SONGS, one on a sheet, tinted paper, finely printed. Also FULL PARTICULARS OF AN ENTIRELY NEW MANUFACTURING BUSINESS, from which good incomes can be made, together with a copy of our GRAND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (forty pages). Only one set to one Address. UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.
NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS
are confidently recommended as a Simple but Certain Remedy for INDIGESTION.
See Testimonial, selected from Hundreds:—
"Croydon, 1885.
"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same.
"J. WILKINSON."
For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared without mercury, are invaluable to all who suffer from Bilious and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Nervous Depression, Irritability, Loss of Appetite, Giddiness, and all those other symptoms which none but a sufferer can describe.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS as a General Family Aperient Medicine have no equal, being mild in their operation and grateful to the stomach. They give a healthy tone and vigour to the different secretions, causing the necessary organs of the stomach and liver to resume their activity, thus restoring the appetite, promoting digestion, and strengthening the whole system.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS should be kept at hand by all heads of households, to resort to on any slight occasion of ailing on the part of those under their charge, as by paying attention to the regular action of the stomach, liver, and bowels many a severe illness is avoided or mitigated.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the proprietor,
W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

4s. 6d. IRISH LINEN COLLARS.
Gents' Fourfold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen.
Sample White Shirts, Two Shillings and Sixpence.
Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free. Write for Samples Linen, Goods Free.—G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

CAUTION.—Free with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, A USEFUL PRESENT; or Two Complete Sets of India-Rubber Alphabet with the 1s.
Forty-one Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Royal Appointments. Vendors are cautioned against palming off colourable imitations.
Works—75, Southgate-road, London.

HAVE YOU GOT THE YELLOW JAUNDICE? If so, send a stamped addressed envelope and One Shilling Postal Order filled up, payable at Barnsley. Take the number before parting with it. I will send you a recipe showing how to cure yourself, also anyone else, in a few days, without medicine. This is genuine. Address, JOHN BUSH, Oxspring, Penistone, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

KEARSLEY'S
WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS
have a reputation of over
ONE HUNDRED YEARS,
and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from
SANGER and SONS,
489, Oxford-street, London.

A New Invention. Changes Colour and develops Ozone in Water.

PATENT RIGHTS PROTECTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

SALT REGAL

Supplies a Refreshing, Appetising, Effervescent Drink.

SALT REGAL is a high-class Antiseptic Salt, possessing Hygienic properties hitherto unknown to science. A grateful, cooling cup, developing Ozone (the principle of life). Will cleanse the mouth, clear the throat, sweeten the breath, and maintain a natural condition of the system. Corrects all the impurities arising from errors of diet—eating or drinking. Salt Regal has the special property of purifying the water in which it is mixed.

All who value their Health and Comfort will do well to give this New Discovery a trial.

Testimonial from DR. PAUL, *Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry, and of the Chemical Society.*

"20, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

"Gentlemen,—As the result of my analysis of 'Salt Regal' I certify that it is in every respect a well-made preparation. It forms a pleasantly refreshable effervescent drink, and possesses useful refrigerant and mild laxative properties appertaining to the alkaline salts of vegetable acids, while the aromatic character of the salt, and the development of a delicate rose colour while dissolving, are novel features of this preparation, which give an attractive freshness and attractive appearance. The general character of 'Salt Regal' renders it admirably adapted for domestic use, and especially so in tropical climates.

B. H. PAUL, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst."

"A CLEAR HEAD."

SALT REGAL prevents and relieves Flatulence, Nausea, Giddiness, Heartburn, Palpitation, Acidity, Feverishness, Irritation of the Skin, Weariness, Lassitude, General Debility, Diarrhœa, Dysentery. It is a powerful antidote against Blood Poisoning, Typhoid, Cholera, Malaria, and Diphtheria.

SALT REGAL when regularly used is a certain guarantee of Health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated.

SALT REGAL revives and never depresses. Every Traveller or Voyager should carry a bottle of Salt Regal. It relieves the torture of Sea-Sickness.

SALT REGAL should be used daily in every family. Invaluable in the Nursery. A boon to Ladies. Maintains a clear, healthy condition of the skin, and by purifying the system removes all humours from the body, and destroys the sources of bad complexions.

Extract from Professor A. NORMAN TATE'S *Report.*—"Institute of Chemical Technology, Liverpool.

"There is an element in this compound not found in other compounded effervescent Salines that I have examined, and this is not only a novelty, but will, I have no doubt, add much to the efficiency of 'Salt Regal.'

"The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious substances, and the result of their admixture is a very satisfactory preparation.

A. N. TATE, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

"I find it to be a very carefully prepared Saline. Its special feature is that it contains a small proportion of a very useful antiseptic, the value of which in such a preparation must be very great. Its use in warm climates will be found to be most valuable, both on account of its gentle aperient qualities, and of its antiseptic property.

"HENRY THOMAS JONES, F.I.C., Assistant-Professor of Chemistry."

SALT REGAL is sold in Bottles (hermetically sealed), price 2s. 9d. It cannot be imitated, and stands alone. Be careful to observe Salt Regal is a delicate white powder, but it turns the water to a beautiful Rose Pink; unless it does this it is not genuine, and its sale should be at once reported to the Secretary of the Salt Regal Co. A real Royal Patent, Not a Patent Medicine. Patent Rights Protected in every civilised country. All London and Provincial Wholesale Houses regularly stock it.

SALT REGAL WORKS, LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

☞ *If Salt Regal is not procurable from the nearest Chemist, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d., addressed to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.*